JOHN BULL, AUGUST 7, 1926

Vol. XL. No. 1051.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper,

Postage all over the world, 1d.

A BLOT ON BRITISH SPORT

by

SIR GEORGE GREENWOOD

Are you wearing out your nerves?

Take two at bedtime and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

No matter how fine a constitution you may possess there must be times when you feel the strain of life. Don't wear out your nerves, give them the help they need. Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

It is not fair to yourself to be aware of the gradual waning of your nervous energy and to do nothing about it. That is on the same plane as to allow a finely designed piece of mechanism go wrong for want of oiling.

Those first symptoms of nerves—irritability, fatigue, sleeplessness, loss of appetite—all point to one thing very clearly: your nerves need help.

But don't fly to stimulants. They will merely pick you up for a moment to leave you one step nearer nervous breakdown. The proper remedy is Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the most efficacious nerve and stomach tonic restorative in the world. Take this splendid medicine and you will obtain natural and lasting relief. Dr. Cassell's key the nerves to concert pitch and keep them there.

Of all Chemists, 1/- & 3/- per box.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Neuralgia, Neurasthenia, Nerve Pains, Palpitation, Kidney Weakness, Headache, Children's Weakness, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Worry.

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

2/6 DEPOSIT

insures delivery of a 1926 Mead "Marvel" Bicycle. Nothing more to pay till you have ridden the machine one month.

"MARVEL" No. 400 £4 19s 6d CASH.

We pack FREE, pay carriage and guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. Factory-Soiled cycles CHEAP. Accessories at popular prices. Write TO-DAY for Illustrated Catalogue and special offer of sample cycle.

Mead CYCLE CO. Ltd. (Dept. H.407) SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM

THINNESS

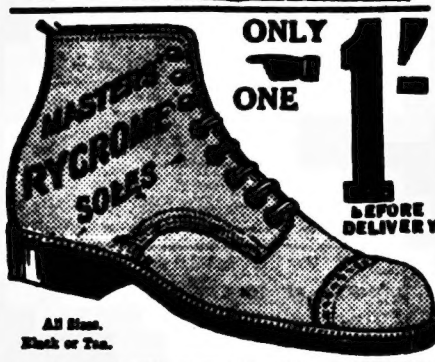
For a little free advice on the cure of THINNESS, write to the E. M. Bureau of Health and Cure, (Dept. B.J.), 40-42, Chandos Street, London, W.C. 2. (Principal: Eustace Miles, M.A.—for many years recognised as the leading British authority on food and its relation to health. To save time, give details of your usual daily diet and any other information that will throw any light on your case. Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

Hair-Growing Discovery

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St., (83 JA) London, W.1.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER



ONLY ONE 1/- BEFORE DELIVERY

All Sizes. Black or Tan.

A NEW BOOT THAT GIVES DOUBLE SERVICE.

These famous boots are soled with Masters' wonderful RYCROME leather, which wears twice as long as ordinary leather. Masters Ltd. offer these RYCROME Soled Double-Wear Boots, in Black or Tan, price 25/-, on special easy terms which everybody can afford to pay—1/- with order and 3/- on delivery, and 4/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Give these wonderful RYCROME Boots a trial. Send 1/- (P.O. or stamps) to-day and say what size we shall send you. Irish orders cash only. *Price List Free*

SUITS FOR MEN

ONLY **3/-** WITH ORDER.

on Easy Terms you can afford to pay. Only 3/- with order. Made to measure from our famous Double-wearing RYRIE Tweed. Saves half your clothing money. Write for sample pieces of cloth, which will be sent FREE.

CASTLERS Ltd.,
83, HOPE STORGE RYE,

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE OFFER

Read the specification of the Graves "Speed King" cycle.

B.S.A. 3-SPEED GEAR
DUNLOP Roadster Cord Tyres
RENOLD CHAIN
MIDDLEMORE'S Three Coil Spring Saddle

The frame is rust proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined for All Black if de-sired! Lady's or Gent's Model. Carriage Paid **26:0:0**
Or 8/- with order 8/- monthly.
CATALOGUE POST FREE.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

8/- NOW

Ten Years Guarantee

JOHN BULL THE ONLY PAPER THAT PAYS

STORM & FLOOD BENEFITS

The great Storm which lashed England with its fury recently, played havoc in the homes of many of our readers. "John Bull" representatives are working at top pressure in all parts of the country dealing with the applications for benefits.

Just before going to press the first batch of reports have been received from our representative in Northumberland, and cheques promptly dispatched to the sufferers.

THE FIRST BATCH OF PAYMENTS
To Northumberland Readers.

SWALWELL.—H. Mabe, 1, Hexham Road; D. Murray, Hexham Road; Mary Atkinson, Lumley Yard; A. McKeeanney, 5, Park Terrace; H. A. Hawkins, Brewery Lane.
NEWCASTLE.—G. W. Freeman, 52, Armstrong Road; J. Taylor, 4, Rye Hill; A. Bonstead, 121, Portland Road.
BLAYDON.—J. T. Atkinson, 9, North Street; R. Smith, 19, Thomas Terrace; A. Reay, 28, Robinson Street; Mrs. M. Fenwland, 29, Robinson Street; J. J. Baggott, 31, Robinson Street; Mrs. R. W. Foster, 21, George Street; Jas. Bramford, 67, George Street; Wm. Dodd, 10, Read Square, Winlaton; Jas. Goodfellow, 30, Winlaton Mill; Miss V. Nicholson, 1, Shop Spouts; R. J. Pattinson, 27, Cuthbert Street; W. T. Brown, 15, Shibdon Street; F. Shields, 14, Shibdon Street.
HEBBURN-ON-TYNE.—J. West, 13, Peel Terrace, Hebburn Colliery; F. Jackson, 21, Frobisher Street; Mrs. E. Bonnell, 39, Frobisher Street.
NORTH SHIELDS.—J. B. Young (Junr.), 11, Union Road, Low Lights; J. R. Young (Senr.), 11, Union Road, Low Lights; Mrs. F. Douglas, 23, Union Road, James Bank; R. Johnston, 44, Morpelle Terr., Percy Main; T. Blackman, Dene House, Tanners Bank; H. Ridley, 123, Gre. Street; R. C. Ord, 7, Tyne Terrace; T. Phillipson, 21, Toots Bldgs., Preston; J. A. Nicholson, 12, Adamson's Bldgs.
GATESHEAD.—Chas. Ord, Byermoor, Burnopfield; H. Chen, 195, Brighton Road; Mrs. S. Delvin, 15, Spencer Terr., Bensham; D. Wack, 81, Harle Street.

(Many names unavoidably omitted.)

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name ..... Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS)
Address .....
.....
Reader's Signature.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.....
.....
Date..... .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 7/8/26.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.
Signature.....
Address .....
Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 7/8/26.

2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE
John Bull's Wonderful Gift Offer

SEE WHAT YOU GET—AND SAVE!

The "John Bull" Pen, with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, worth	15/-
s/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, with refills, FREE	2/6
TOTAL VALUE	17/6
You send Six Coupons and p.o. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance)	4/-

YOU SAVE 13/6

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Your name Engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented Pilot 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five only in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheques /p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-53, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ROYAL MARINES.—BE A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR, TOO.—Young Men are required for enlistment in the Royal Marines. Age 17 to 23 years. Good pay. All found. Excellent chances of promotion.—Apply by letter to the Director of Naval Recruiting, 55, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

APPRENTICE CLERKSHIPS.

160 BOYS of good education between 15½ and 17 years of age required for training as clerks for the Royal Air Force. Thorough training given. Prospects and pay are good. Examinations will be held in London and provincial centres. Full particulars from Royal Air Force Apprentice Clerks' Dept. J.B.), 4, Bourlet's Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial or London & Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; Papers covering Wales, 5/8. Many others. Prospectus.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London. 'Phone: City 0842

CORK LINO, 2/6, 9 x 6 ft., 15/-; 9 x 9 ft., 22/6; 12 x 9, 30/-. No rubbish, 10 years' wear warranted. Send size. Remnants half price. Easy Payments. Lists. "Stoorelino," 177/183, Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E.1

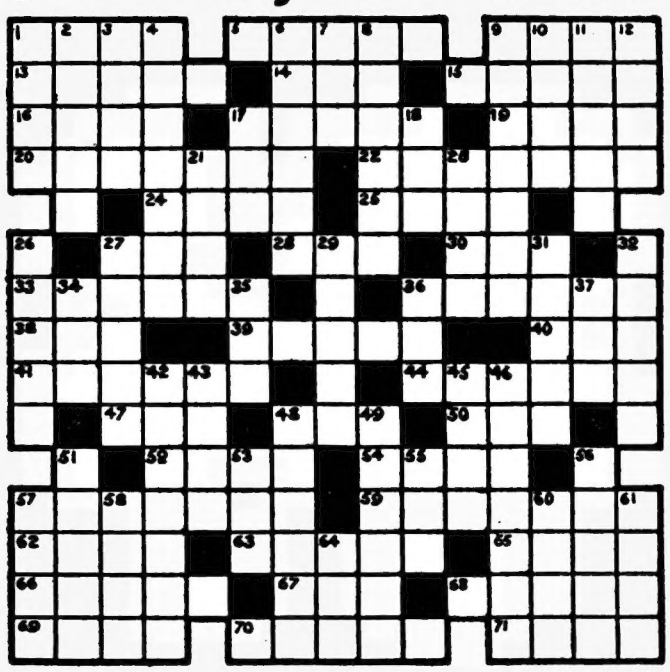
MARKETING BY POST.

PLUMS. Ready during August, Pershore Egg Plums, 24 lbs. 7/-. Selected Victorias, 24 lbs. 6/6. Scotland and N. Ireland, 6d. extra. Irish Free State, 1/- extra. Cash with order. Carriage paid. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Glasbrook (Dept. J.B.), Fruit Grower, Evesham.

PLUMS.—Good quality, direct from grower. Prices rail carriage paid. Pershore, excellent for cooking or jam (Aug. 1-17), 12 lb. 3/6, 24 lb. 6/6, 48 lb. 12/-. Victorias, for dessert, cooking or jam (Aug. 17-31), 12 lb. 4/6, 24 lb. 8/6, 48 lb. 16/-.—Dimsons (early Sept.) on application. Cash with order.—B. E. Swift, Longdon Hill, Evesham, Worcestershire.

Our Cross-Word Corner

Get Busy on This!



CLUES ACROSS

1. Placid.
5. A steward.
9. To portend.
13. Around.
14. Spoil.
15. Pierced.
16. Smaller.
17. Boring instrument.
19. Mature.
20. Present form of Italian Government.
22. Wind instrument.
24. Mislaid.
25. The number 1.
27. A collection.
28. Affirmative.
30. A tap.
33. Goods thown overboard.
36. To deceive.
38. An age.
39. Bird of prey.
40. A large cask.
41. An examiner.
44. People of one country
47. Immerse.
48. Branch.
50. The donkey
52. An aromatic plant.
54. Minute particle.
57. Housebreaker.
59. To puzzle.
62. Genuine.
63. An inscription.
65. A metallic vein.
66. External.
67. Wrath.
68. Flat-bottomed boat.
69. Useless plant.
70. Fashion.
71. Type of musical instrument.

CLUES DOWN

1. A kind of leather.
2. At right angles to the length of a ship.
3. Failure to gain.
4. Fleshy fibres.
6. Dirty.
7. An ugly old woman.
8. Darkness.
9. A reformatory.
10. A medley.
11. A store.
12. Paradise.
17. A donkey.
18. Went swiftly.
21. A jot.
23. Father.
26. Throw out.
27. A platform.
29. Earnest.
31. Mean.
32. A coin.
34. Before.
35. French for "sea."
36. Lair.
37. A pair.
42. Separate.
43. A stone of changeable colours.
45. Soon.
46. A lawyer.
48. Dexterous.
49. Shelf over fireplace.
51. Tail of a wig.
53. Force in.
55. Also.
56. To stir.
57. The forehead.
58. Tax.
60. Learning.
61. Original.
64. Make effort.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery which below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade free Worth pounds, valuable hints, Make Money selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Cleg (Dept B.), High Street, Manchester.

RETAILERS seeking bargains in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc., write for free Illus. Cat. to S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

FREE List on application those interested in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, Wholesale only. —Levy Bros. (Dept. B.), 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency. — See Large Advert. on page 29.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., 11, Bilstall, Leeds.

AGENTS wanted. 6/- in £ cash commission. Largest Xmas chocolate and cigarette club. Everything to start free.—WADE BROS., LTD., Dept. 50, York Street, Leeds.

5/- in the £ Commission, also £1 worth of Chocolates given free to all persons complying with our Christmas Club scheme. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Novelties, etc. Write to-day for our astonishing terms.—DENNIS & CO., Dept. O., Colne, Lancashire.

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Fry's, Rowntree's, Cadbury's and other best makes. Good commission. Partics. free.—SAMUEL DRIVER, South Market, Leeds.

8/6 £ COM.—Xmas Chocolate and Cigarette Clubs. Fry's, Cadbury's, etc. Particulars free.—Walker and Hannam, Ltd., Bradford.

6/- in £, also free box for every 6 ordered. Agents wanted. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Toys, Jewellery.—Morris, Drewton St., Bradford.

XMAS CHOC. CLUB AGENTS Rqd. Best-known makes only. Highest comm., no outlay. Stationary and full partics. free.—Dept. J.B., Popular Club, 49, Farringdon st., London, E.C.

YOU'LL NEED MONEY at Xmas.—Start a Chocolate and Tobacco Club. Everybody joins. Liberal Cash profit. Advertised goods. No outlay. Easy assistance. Smart order-getting ideas. Write to-day. Details free by post return.—Austin Davis, Dept. J., Regent St., Shellield.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell private Christmas Cards. Sample book free. Highest commission and prizes.—Apply Denton and Co., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

£20 EARNED BEFORE CHRISTMAS. Just a few hours' work daily selling the Famous "CASTLE" SERIES Private Christmas Cards. If you wish to make money with minimum effort write for FREE Sample Book at once. Highest Commission and Prizes.—Apply, Castle Publishing Co., 12, Anchor Court, Preston.

AGENTS Required.—£3 WEEKLY EASILY MADE by being an Agent for the world-renowned "Snowball" Series of Exquisite Christmas Cards and Novel Calendars. The best that puts money in your pocket. Samples free and post paid. Highest commission, cheap-est prices and valuable prizes.—Minster Press, Manchester Road, Preston.

CHRISTMAS Card Agents wanted (either sex) to sell Private Cards. Up-to-date designs. Latest novelties. Free Sample Album. Highest commission. Valuable prizes. — Apply, Firth Graham, Dept. 126, Accrington.

EMPLOYMENT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 199, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment [illegible] Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or [illegible] liberal com. — J. Holt (Dept. J.), [illegible] Parkside Lane, Blackburn.

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN.—Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur-Mechanics and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train YOU for a well-paid job. The best equipped school in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees.—Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 5, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

£150-£300 salary for Certified Bookkeepers. Practical Tuition, 10/- monthly. Post found when required, or fee refd. Booklet, Testis., Prize Scheme free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 95, New Oxford Street, London.

"I WAS successful in securing the position at £5 per week plus commission and expenses. It offers me just the opportunity I have been [illegible] is how one student expresses his [illegible] with The Hopkins' Demonstration Method of Training in Creative Salesmanship. Why not find out what this unique instruction can do for you? This Course takes only FIVE WEEKS to complete, and the definite offer of an ACTUAL [illegible] as sales-representative is guaranteed to every successful student. Tuition includes PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. Call or write for prospectus—SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 56, [illegible] London, W.C.2, and 2, Pall Mall, Manchester.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Cretcway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage. —Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

FLOOR COVERINGS.—Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp-proof, Hot-proof, Sanitary. For any kind of floor. 3/- per sq. yd. carr. paid. Sample Free.—C. Jones and Son (Dept. J.B.), 82, Tower Bridge Road, S.E.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 3d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

WATERPROOF COVERS.

OILED and dressed, same material as railway sheets, fitted with eyelets and lashes: 12 ft. by 9 ft., 15/-; 15 ft. by 9 ft., 18/9; 18 ft. by 12 ft., 30/-; 19 ft. by 16 ft., 42/6. Any size supplied at 1/3 square yard. Send for List free.—GASSON AND SONS, Rye, Sussex. 'Phone 34.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.— Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

BABY'S 75-Article Layette, 30/-. Robes, Gowns, Robeslips, Nighties, Vests, Shawls, Matinee Coats, Barras, Towels, Napkins, etc. Home-made. Genuine bargain. Send 2/6 parcel approval.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

MASSAGE is a Profession.—The Smae Institute offers tuition at most economical fees. Intelligent men and women are here offered access to the highest ranks of the profession, as the instruction covers all modern manipulative methods.—Write for details, 47, Smae Institute, Portsmouth.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES 27/6, motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolines. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambs., South St., London, E.C.2.

ACCORDIONS, GENUINE ITALIANS ONLY; lists free.—Premium Co., 115, Corporation Road, Middlesbrough.

DRUMS, Ukuleles, Banjos, Violins, Gramophones. Lists Free.—Palmers, 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

GARDENING.

TENTS

FOR Gardens, Cricket and Camping Out. Get our Free Lists.—GASSON and SONS, Rye, Sussex. 'Phone: 34.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply of 14d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc. New scientific Treatment sent on FREE TRIAL. Relief first application, operation or rest unnecessary. No drugs or bandages. Astounding successes, hundreds of testimonials. Call or write NOW for BOOKLET "B" and full particulars. —Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch, 90, Worcester Street.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Partics. free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (387), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES. — To prove the value of "Probyn Nutriment," which is guaranteed to restore health, strength and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send a TRIAL SUPPLY ABSOLUTELY FREE.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pirbright Road, Southfields, London.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy. 3/- bot., at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James Street, Liverpool. Send 4d stamps for sample.

"HOW TO BE WELL."—Packed full of useful information and simple home treatment. Price 1/-, Coutts and Sons, 6, Gt. Eastern St., London, E.C.2.

CONSTIPATION and Liver Troubles yield wonderfully to SPEZIA'S Treatment. Permanent results. Harmless. Supplied in Pill form at 1/3 box (post free 1/4½).—J. A. DYSON AND SON, 82, Gloucester Road, Brighton.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large, nothing too small. Post or call.—Benzons, 215, Piccadilly, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

SECTO KILLS beetles, bugs, fleas, moths, greenfly, and all other insects. Get it from your Chemist.—"SECTO." The Sure Killer.

THE CRAVINGS OF THE SINGLE.—An external exercise exploded by T Bowen Partington, the famous Public Health Lecturer, in this week's "Health and Strength." 3d., from all newsagents, or 4d., post free, from J. Burt, 64, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our expert are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

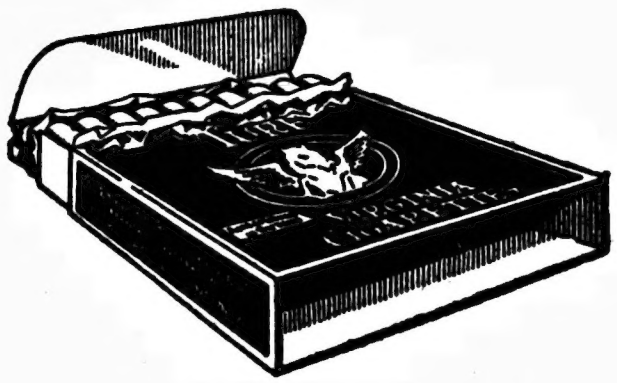
If it smokes smooth out-of-doors it's a

TURF

AGED 3 YEARS IN WOOD

[harshness and bitterness eliminated]

20 for 1/-



Discovered by the Outdoor Man
Made by Carreras Ltd., 138 years' reputation for Quality

Not All Shirkers.

Parliament this week d
outside forces working to e
go on. "Settlement by st
peace. It damns prosperit

It's Coming!

Each day makes cleare
General Election. The mi
ling both sides, and neithe
the first to make a breakaw
decide.

Get It Over!

Nobody wants the exp
General Election, but if Pa
it's the only way. Some
set the wheels of industry
winter sets in.

About Turn.

The whole world since
unhappy mental state.
enemies. Work is not al
from such loose thinking
straight for prosperity.

The "Knock-out" Spot?

At the root of the beli
should pay decent wages
mineowners make surrep
profits. Proper investi
accounts would prove it

Lift Not the Veil.

If the coalowners have
prices to hide, why do they
attempt to give pitmen or
on their balance-sheets?
such a deadly secret, it's a
would be equally deadly.

Money for Nothing.

One-fifth of the national
through ill-health and £
preventable illness. If the
properly backed up by th
would cease and the Ex
with money to solve most

Father to the Thought.

We suspect that the ru
ment of the Speaker was
satisfied Tories, who are o
has dealt too leniently wit
We trust that Mr. Whitley
with the contempt it dese

At Last!

Mr. Cook's plea to the
terms you can" is a piece
Such advice six months
miracles. Its effect now
there is sincerity and good

Week ending Saturday, Aug. 7, 1926, Twopence
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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Not All Shirkers.

Parliament this week deserts its job, but the outside forces working to end the coal stoppage will go on. "Settlement by starvation" can bring no peace. It damns prosperity—and posterity.

It's Coming!

Each day makes clearer the imminence of a General Election. The mining deadlock is throttling both sides, and neither party is willing to be the first to make a breakaway. The country must decide.

Get It Over!

Nobody wants the expense and turmoil of a General Election, but if Parliament "won't move" it's the only way. Something must be done to set the wheels of industry humming before black winter sets in.

About Turn.

The whole world since the war has been in an unhappy mental state. Employers are not all enemies. Work is not all drudgery. A pull-up from such loose thinking would do a lot to set us straight for prosperity.

The "Knock-out" Spot?

At the root of the belief that coal could and should pay decent wages lies the suspicion that mineowners make surreptitious or roundabout profits. Proper investigation and published accounts would prove it or disprove it.

Lift Not the Veil.

If the coalowners have no wangling of selling prices to hide, why do they so stubbornly veto any attempt to give pitmen or public the smallest light on their balance-sheets? When they make them such a deadly secret, it's a fair guess that exposure would be equally deadly.

Money for Nothing.

One-fifth of the national income is lost each year through ill-health and £200,000,000 wasted on preventable illness. If the Ministry of Health was properly backed up by the Treasury this wastage would cease and the Exchequer soon find itself with money to solve most of our problems.

Father to the Thought.

We suspect that the rumoured probable retirement of the Speaker was born in the brain of dissatisfied Tories, who are of opinion that the Chair has dealt too leniently with the Socialist element. We trust that Mr. Whitley will treat the innuendo with the contempt it deserves.

At Last!

Mr. Cook's plea to the miners to "get the best terms you can" is a piece of wisdom sadly belated. Such advice six months ago might have worked miracles. Its effect now may be incalculable if there is sincerity and goodwill behind it.

A Shabby Lie.

For selling graded milk without a licence a Folkestone milkman was fined £1. His wife supplied a quart on being told it was for a sick child, but the child was a myth invented by a Sanitary Department official. Could meanness go further?

Gaitered Grab-alls.

The Bishop of Gloucester says "The economic position demands some reduction in miners' wages." The economic position of the Anglican Church, which pays curates starvation wages, certainly demands some reduction in the bloated stipends of bishops.

Wembley Wins.

Wembley takes the palm for shouldering her own burdens. Out of 6,000 families 3,030 have become monthly subscribers to its proposed hospital. This sensible financing of local institutions shows the sense of the inhabitants.

A Portent.

The Swiss Federal Railways, through progressive electrification, show a reduction of expenditure during June of £20,000. The smokeless age will also be a cheap age.

From Other Shores.

Aliens entering this country still show a big excess over the number leaving. Apart from tourists, business men, and diplomats, who are they? A truthful analysis would be illuminating.

Let's Have 'Em.

The Bishop of Southwark is disturbed at London's lack of decent playgrounds for poor kiddies. Playgrounds filled with happy shouting youngsters empty juvenile courts. It's sound economy to provide them.

A Healthy Sign.

Hundreds of workers, varying from miners to bakers, are spending their holidays at summer schools. The movement gives hope. Well-informed politicians are to-day's need, inside Parliament as well as out.

"Amusement."

At the Crystal Palace the principal firework display depicts a Zeppelin raid on London. The mind that plans such a "show" for merry-making must have a kink in it.

500 HOLIDAY PRIZES!

Win your holiday with a "Bullet".....See p. 31

British Slaves.

It is a shock to learn that in Bechuanaland ten thousand natives are still living in slavery under the British flag. The abolition of this scandal is a century overdue.

Libelling Labour.

Mr. Lansbury is reported by the Soviet papers to have stated that British workers now realise that revolution is the only way out of their difficulties. "Shirkers" possibly, but never "workers."

"If."

London County Council will erect 657 houses on the Castlenau estate, and increase the number to 694 *if a further plot of land can be secured.* That "if" gives tragic point to the scandal of the present land laws.

Kill the Bogey.

Eight years since we ended "the war to end war" and still the world is arming. Reason must banish fear. Great Britain is powerful enough to set the pace for disarmament. Why not be big enough to do it?

Disturbing.

In 1924, of 112,514 cases of known crime only 54,374 offenders were brought to book. Mr. Justice McCardie says the police are kept so busy dealing with minor offences that serious crimes escape. It's time we rang the death-knell of that "chocolate curfew."

England's Garden.

"Prosperity need not be sacrificed for the sake of beauty," says Professor Abercrombie. So Kent thinks. Its local authorities are meeting with a well-planned scheme for decent housing. Kent doesn't mean to repeat the slag heaps and insanitary hovels of the northern mining villages.

The New Age.

Aylesham, first of the new towns to be built, sets the pace. Model houses will be built more than half a mile from pitheads. Quiet fields and orchards will surround them. Human happiness is being consulted as well as dividends.

Naval Preparations.

The Washington Naval Treaty applied only to first-class battleships. Since it was signed, fourteen armoured cruisers have been designed for the British Admiralty. Disarmament as yet is no better than a pious pretence.

One Up.

In a recent German seaplane competition—the most important for commercial purposes which has yet been held—both the leading machines were fitted with Bristol Juniper engines. This is a triumph for Britain, the result of which is bound to be far-reaching.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Murderous Red Tape.

Because the Corfe (Dorset) District Council had not paid a retaining fee, the neighbouring Swanage Fire Brigade was not allowed to attend a fire in which a helpless old lady of ninety was in peril of her life. Such a rule demands instant burial.

Sweated Farm Workers.

Adult farm-workers in Wiltshire, now receiving 30s. weekly, are demanding 35s. for a week of forty-eight hours, which, if conceded, will still leave them among the worst paid workers in Great Britain. It is sufficient proof of the evils of the land system that it affords no more than this wretched pittance to the man behind the plough.

A Lordly Action.

In return for a beggarly £10 note Lord Lonsdale has handed to the old Westmorland agricultural town of Kirkby Lonsdale his rights to the market tolls. A splendid generous act characteristic of a fine sportsman, and an example to some Shylock owners of ancient rights. More Lonsdales is one of Britain's needs.

A Lunacy Scandal.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Mary de Freville was committed on a doctor's certificate to the Gloucester County Lunatic Asylum, where she was immediately placed in a padded cell. On subsequent examination by the asylum doctor, the unhappy woman was found to be perfectly sane and discharged. These painful circumstances call for drastic enquiry.

A Scientist's Warning.

Mr. Edgar J. Hill, a Bradford chemical expert, has been visiting the mining districts of the Ruhr Valley, and has returned, as he says, "sick at heart to see how highly and scientifically that coalfield is organised, compared with the paralysed and unorganised conditions of British coalfields." Is the ominous warning of science still to fall upon deaf ears?

Where Industry Pays.

In the little Norfolk town of Thetford, there flourishes the pulp-ware industry, the only one in the whole of the country. For fifty years thousands of articles have been turned out each week. Norwegian pine wood is converted into every kind of household utensil that looks like china, but cannot break. Thetford is an example of what quiet persistence in workmanship can accomplish.

Horrid Guests.

Tottenham is overrun with rats, which jump on to the beds of residents. In Westerfield Road, children have been bitten by rats, and the wounds have been so severe as to need cauterisation. In Suffield Road, while a family were seated at dinner, a rat fell through a hole in the ceiling on to the middle of the table. And that explains all. Decent housing would end the trouble; proper homes don't have holes in the ceiling.

The Light Direction.

Debilitated children and expectant mothers are to have a fine chance in Westminster. A building is in course of erection which will be able to treat 1,000 patients three times a week with artificial sunlight. Eminent doctors are confident the net result will be enormous economy to the State. It's cheaper to prevent than cure expensive complaints. Thus, at last, professional opinion drives home the nail JOHN BULL has been hammering at for years.

A Man's a Man . . . .

From public school and office and factory come the boys who are guests of the Duke of York in his annual camp in Kent. Class distinctions are abolished; the boys from Eton and Harrow and West Ham and Limehouse dress alike, feed alike, sleep on straw palliasses and play games alike. As a method of banishing antagonism and building up co-operation and good feeling, the plan can't be bettered. We always said the *camaraderie* that was the one good feature of the war was capable of being carried into peace

Whitehall Tin Gods.

Capt. John Ball left the Navy with a clearance certificate showing he owed nothing, but despite this the Admiralty later said he owed £190 through the mistake of a clerk. Capt. Ball had gone to Austria, but the Admiralty took proceedings and made him bankrupt, although he had offered £150 in settlement. It's a way the tin gods have in Whitehall of disclaiming their own certificates when it suits.

Chaining Cupid.

The British Medical Association recently discussed the subject of State-controlled marriages. All we have to say upon the matter is that if the eugenists had had their way many of the greatest the world has seen would never have been born. Man may be an animal, but he is also something more, and to meddle with nature when it comes to mating is to invite a stagnating mediocrity, possibly healthy, but certainly without distinction.

After Many Days.

A small grocer of Llanelly had been in the habit of assisting an old hermit, Morgan Thomas, who was thought to be poor and friendless, by giving him food; but when the recipient died it was found he possessed £327, which he left to the good-hearted tradesman. Though it is not true charity to succour in hope of reward, this story exemplifies the truth of the adage that bread cast upon the water might return after many days.

Shrewsbury Not Shrewd Enough.

It's what might have happened that makes the accident at Shrewsbury, when thirty children at a swimming gala were suddenly precipitated into the water by the breaking of a fence, so disturbing. Every child was speedily rescued, but the affair is a warning. Authorities arranging public sports should also promote public confidence by looking well to their arrangements beforehand, and making the staging fool proof.

The Human Machine

Who Knows?

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

"YOU are always urging us to think," writes a correspondent, "but what's the good of thinking? Action, not thought, is what is going to pull us out of the mess!"

Agreed, my friend; but what action ever took place that was not first inspired by thought? What man ever did anything worth while who did not first dream a dream and then follow whithersoever that dream might lead?

We all have dreams—but how many of us remain faithful to their urge? How many see the splendid vision but lack the grit and the courage to make the uphill journey to the place of the vision?

Think? Of course I urge you to think! And more, I urge you to express your thoughts.

No one knows whence comes the inspiration that drives men on to alter the course of history, to change the face of the world, to move mountains in the effort to better the lot of their fellows.

It may be your thought or mine—you never know: but back of the action somewhere is a thought that once struck fire from steel and set in motion the irresistible force of a strong man's will.

NO one can act with effect until someone has first thought rightly. Thought is the dynamo that generates the terrific motive force of all human action.

There is plenty of action going on around us at the moment, but it rests on loose thinking, on ill-directed thinking, on lazy thinking.

"'Tis for us who have not sold our dreams,
To stand together and to lead the world!"

The Dreadful Doubt.

Johannes Mommers, the Dutchman convicted of the murder of Auguste Violette Piombini, at Thundersley, is dead. The Home Secretary refused to interfere with the sentence in spite of the fact that three separate doctors expressed the view that the victim's wounds were self-inflicted. No case could more terribly give the argument for abolition of the scaffold. Rightfully or wrongfully condemned, there's no possibility of revocation where the rope has been used.

"Got a Cigarette Card?"

Mr. George Giddings, of Coldharbour Lane, Denmark Hill, has the misfortune to be a cripple. Each day finds him sitting at the gate of his father's house, where he begs cigarette cards from passers-by, which he sells at forty a penny. This money he hands to King's College Hospital for the purchase of a cot, and the collection already amounts to over £40. If any would like to help a splendid worker in a splendid cause, let them pack up their cards and send them along.

A Mean Skunk.

Mr. W. G. Brown, of Oakhill Road, Horsham, is a man of kind heart. When he received a visit from a tall, sunburnt man, claiming to be a miner from Prudhoe, he assisted the man with money, food and clothing, not forgetting smokes. He took the fellow in for the night and was rewarded by the disappearance of his own bicycle along with the stranger. Such meanness is past belief. If the name given as Sidney Ernest Wilson, Prudhoe, Newcastle, is genuine, the owner of it should be traced and made to answer for the mean theft.

Lunatics at Large.

Though John Spring, an errand-boy, is only nineteen years of age, he is old enough to know better than to behave like a dangerous lunatic. He was charged at Clerkenwell with firing a pistol during the cinema performance at Camden Hippodrome, Camden Town, and the manager stated that these disorders had been frequent of late. Mischievous hobbledehoys must be taught to realise that such conduct might well cause a panic and serious loss of life.

Clear Air for Health.

Private enterprise at its best is seen in the new Selsdon Garden village, eleven miles from London. Less than sixteen months ago the land was surveyed; in eight months the new "town" is well on the way to being. Each purchaser of a house will have presented to him a gas cooker, gas copper and gas fire. The air of the village will be smokeless. When the same enterprise is invoked to get similar advantages for those who need houses at a reasonable rental we'll get somewhere. Why doesn't a builder with vision take up the idea?

Promptitude.

To Retta Boyd, a Glasgow girl of ten, belongs the joy of actually saving the life of Ronald Mackenzie, who was buried head first in a deep pit of sand that caved in upon him at Lossiemouth. Retta saw the boots protruding, called her brother a year or two older, and when the united efforts of both failed to move the victim held on while they attracted the attention of grown men. Then the poor lad, whose life appeared to be extinct, was dug out and artificial respiration restored his breathing. Such admirable presence of mind is most commendable in a young lassie.

Incompetent Parents.

At Grimsby Children's Court, when a little boy of nine was charged with theft the father declared him out of control. He had tried both kindness and whippings, and found them equally unavailing. The lad was master and always in mischief. "It seems a pitiable confession for a father to make that he cannot control a boy of nine," said the magistrate. We agree. And the pity lies in the fact that such parents do not recognise what discipline really means. The real sort does not consist of "whippings"; it is spelt "firmness," and begins while the baby is still in its cradle.

"Fagin" Up to Date.

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Mr. Pope's health.

"Fagin" Up to Date.

Charged at the Old Bailey with housebreaking under the name of "Royal George," a man who was described as "a Fagin among criminals" was sent to penal servitude for four years. He had previously been convicted of causing grievous bodily harm, for shopbreaking, and as an habitual criminal. But his worst offence was that he trained others to follow in his nefarious steps. For such a corrupter of youth a dose of the "cat" would have been none too heavy a punishment.

Not Wanted Here.

Tim Chong, of Liverpool's Chinatown, is leaving Merseyside, and with him go other yellow men for the city's good. Back to China they are going under an order, carrying with them, unfortunately, the secret, which the police would like to know, how the packets of opium found in the opium-den of Tim, described as a boarding-house keeper, came through. Liverpool is not the only port that needs to be more carefully watched.

Heroes All.

So many heroic actions have been chronicled of late that our difficulty is to know where to leave off. Alfred Crossfield, of Tyssen Street, Hoxton, would himself have been drowned in attempting the rescue of another but for his friend, John Leishman, also of Tyssen Street, who jumped in after him and helped him to land. The spectators, who viewed the thrilling drama from London Bridge, must have gone to their homes proud that they could claim kinship with such splendid fellows.

The Policemen's Jehu.

Herbert Arthur Toogood, a Brixton motor-driver, was at Chelmsford fined £5 for driving a charabanc on the London-Colchester road at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. It was stated that all the passengers were metropolitan policemen. One would expect members of the force, if anybody, to be a judge of speed, and, in our opinion, every man there was guilty of an offence by permitting the vehicle to be driven to the public danger. A policeman is never off duty when an offence against the law is being committed.

Rogue—and Benefactor.

Though we can think of no crime more despicable than that of living upon a woman's immoral earnings, for which Alfred Drummond, a native of Jamaica, has just been sentenced to six months' hard labour, this parasite has yet performed a public service by drawing the attention of the police to the disgusting "battle royals" which take place from time to time in various parts of London. A dozen or so coloured men get into a ring and lash out savagely at one another until but one remains standing. These brutal exhibitions must be put a stop to forthwith.

Manufacturing a Case.

It seems a pity the police of East Molesey hadn't something better to do when they summoned Mr. George Alfred Isaacs, an ex-M.P. and ex-mayor, for indecently exposing himself when bathing in the Thames. He had bathed from the same spot for two years without protest, as he was entitled to do before eight in the morning; and his assurance that he did not remove the lower portion of his costume, nor step out of the recess in the hedge, till covered was accepted by the magistrates without question. Such futile prosecutions do not add to the dignity of the force.

A Human Cadi.

Many a man brought before "the beak" has found that magistrates are human at heart. When Walter Leonard Shea, an omnibus conductor, was charged at North London Police Court with assaulting his father, he pleaded that he was acting in defence of his sister. It was not this plea, however, that led to a display of Mr. Pope's humanity. The prisoner's sister was getting married that day and he was to give her away. "You are keeping your sister waiting," said the magistrate, and hurriedly remanded the man on bail. We hope the wedding party drank Mr. Pope's health.

Burroughs Brought to Book.

At Greenwich Police Court the other day Frederick Burrows, described as a wireless apparatus maker, was sentenced to three months' hard labour for obtaining money by false pretences. This is our old friend Frederick Burroughs, whose activities in connection with wireless and various other frauds have been constantly exposed. We are glad that he has at last got his deserts.

Homework and Hope.

Circulars offering "a complete instruction outfit" for spare-time work are being broadcast by Hope and Son, of 17, Oxenden Street, S.W.1. 5s. is asked in advance and a further 5s. "from your first profits." The circulars bear an inscription "Copyright L. A. Spikesman." Spikesman has been concerned with many home-employment projects and has frequently figured in these columns.

Shy Moneylenders.

When a firm of moneylenders trading as "Clifton and Verney, Ltd.," figured in a case at the Westminster County Court, Judge Tobin ascertained that there was no Clifton and no Verney, these names merely indicating the geographical knowledge of the solicitor who formed the company. How much longer are we to wait before the law compels these professional usurers to trade honestly under their own names?

Revue Risks.

Joseph Morton, of "Hemmingway," St. Anne's Road, Blackpool, engaged two young women and a boy of fourteen to appear in his revuette "House Full" at Barrowford. The "house" was not "full," however, and, although Morton gave the three artistes 18s. for food during the week, he went off at the end of it with his small share of the receipts. He would have done better to hand them the £5 he had later to pay for being an unregistered theatrical employer.

Woman Crook Caught.

Last year we published many exposures of a clever woman trickster named Bessie Field, demanding that she should be found and made to answer for her crimes. Now the papers are full of her "remarkable" career, for she has just been sentenced to fifteen months' hard labour at Bristol for a series of offences, including that of obtaining credit without disclosing that she was an undischarged bankrupt. Had our warnings been heeded she might have been caught long ago.

A Black Haunt Removed.

When the "managers" of two West End resorts were recently convicted at Bow Street for permitting disorderly conduct on their premises we asked why the real proprietor, a man named Small, was not the person prosecuted. The sequel to our remarks is interesting. One of the haunts—The Hotel De France, in Villiers Street, Strand—has since been closed and Mr. Small has made himself scarce. Publicity has thus succeeded in ridding London of a very undesirable resort.

Cohen Cops Out.

In the Weiner £10,000 wireless long-firm swindle of a year ago, which we fully exposed, and for which Hyman Gershon Weiner was sentenced at Leicester to twenty-one months' hard labour, we revealed the fact that the brains behind the affair were those of a rogue named Charles Cohen. Cohen threatened us with a writ, but thought better of it and decamped to America. We traced him there and demanded his extradition. Prompt action was taken by the Leicester Police and Cohen was brought back and sentenced the other day to twenty-two months' hard labour, another confederate, Leonard Louis Weiner, receiving a year without hard labour. Cohen was in tears during the trial. We spare ours for his victims.

STORM & FLOOD DAMAGE

"John Bull," the ONLY paper to provide Benefits

Problems of Life

Is All for the Best?

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

SIR CHARLES OMAN, the distinguished historian, has been speculating as to what might have happened at critical points in history if events had taken a different turn. Would the results have been better or worse?

Sir Charles Oman

For instance, suppose William the Norman had lost the battle of Hastings, as he very nearly did, would England have profited or the reverse by having escaped his iron rule, with all that followed therefrom?

Or suppose that Napoleon's marvellous military genius had not been discovered by his victories in Italy, or if he had gained the day at Waterloo—what then?

Most intriguing of all, let us imagine that a wiser British Government had never given the American colonies an excuse for revolt; what would have been the position to-day?

Would the North American continent have developed as it has? Might the capital of a world-wide British federation have been there instead of here?

Nobody knows, but there is at least the possibility that we should have had a better and more prosperous world if none of the events above mentioned had taken place as they did.

I for one, do not believe that everything happens for the best either in the experience of mankind as a whole or of any particular nation or individual.

The Norman Conquest was a doubtful benefit to this country. Alfred the Great did infinitely more to lay the foundations of English nationality than Duke William and his band of brigands either knew or cared about.

If we had left Napoleon alone after his return from Elba he would soon have petered out. There need never have been a drop of blood spilled at Waterloo. The man was already in the grip of the malady that ultimately killed him.

The French nation would not have endured a renewal of his continual wars in any case; they cost too much in money and life.

And one cannot help wishing that all the peoples that speak our mother tongue, and whose laws, literature, and ways of living derive from this island, had held permanently together.

IT was not for the best that the two great English-speaking communities fell apart. It would not cost me a pang to see the centre of a vast, solid, mighty Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth transferred from the old world to the new.

Of course, Anglo-Saxons would be in a racial minority therein, but that would not matter; the mould of our unity would be the spiritual traditions of the Anglo-Saxon stock.

Things do not automatically shape themselves for the best. They only do so—in matters private or public—if wisdom, far-sightedness and firm unselfish purpose are at the helm.

AMAZING DENTIST SCANDAL

SECRET TRIALS: STRANGE FACTS

A Bungling Board

A SERIOUS state of affairs, affecting the status of the whole dental profession, has just been brought to light.

Recently there was published a report of the last meeting of the Dental Board of the United Kingdom, presided over by the Rt. Hon. Francis Dyke Acland, the chairman.

The Dental Board, of course, is the equivalent in dentistry of the British Medical Council in the medical profession.

It was formed in 1921 following the passing of the Dentist Act, which was framed to remove many very grave abuses, and which was calculated to place the profession on quite as high a level as that of the medical man.

It is essential not only in the interests of the profession, but of the general public, that the dentists of Great Britain should be of exemplary moral character. The reasons are obvious. Yet the board would appear to hold rather elastic views on this point.

A very black sheep

Among the members of the profession who appeared at the last session were several against whom the very gravest moral charges had been made. Their fate after evidence against them had been heard is interesting.

Percy Wood, a registered dentist of Kensington, Liverpool, was charged with having been convicted at the City Police Court, Liverpool, for a disgusting misdemeanour, in which a woman had been the victim.

Had Wood been a doctor and been arraigned before the British Medical Council, there is no doubt whatever as to what would have happened to him. He would have been removed from the register. The Dental Board, however, is of a lenient and tolerant disposition.

Staggering conclusions

After hearing the case in camera, the chairman announced the decision of the board as follows: "Mr. Wood, you have undoubtedly acted very foolishly.

"We have found the conviction for a misdemeanour registered against you to have been proved to our satisfaction, but we have not found that the circumstances in which the offence was committed are such as to disqualify you from practising dentistry.

"*The board do not find therefore that your name ought to be erased from the register.*"

Then followed another case almost similar. The dentist in question was Thomas Henry Moulton, of Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, and the offence occurred in a railway carriage. Again the board decided to make no erasion from the register as at the time he was under the influence of drink.

Instead they uttered a solemn warning to the member, that if a further conviction was recorded against him for a similar offence, they "would regard it as a serious matter"!

Presumably a single proved offence against a man who has opportunities every day of insulting or even more gravely injuring women or young girls in the privacy of his consulting rooms is not considered a "serious matter" by the British Dental Board. He must make a habit of it!

A grave menace

Nor are these the worst cases. At a previous meeting, a delinquent named Thomas Philip Herbert Roberts, of Llanfairfechan, North Wales, was summoned following a well-deserved sentence of three

The Rt. Hon. Francis Dyke Acland, Chairman of the Dental Board

months' imprisonment for an offence against a girl of fifteen.

Roberts, we read, attended the meeting, accompanied by Sir Ellis Griffith, K.C. Sir Ellis put forward some testimonials on behalf of his client, who gave personal evidence.

As usual, the board deliberated in camera, and the chairman announced its decision as follows: "Mr. Roberts, your conviction has been proved to the satisfaction of the board, but taking all the circumstances into account, the board have not found that your name ought to be erased from the register."

We should very much like to know what "all the circumstances" amount to. So too, would members of the dental profession, among whom there is the utmost indignation and disgust at what they consider a really grave menace to their status and fair name.

Ironical rulings

It is felt, after the foregoing instances, that there is a strong element of inconsistency on the part of the board in recently issuing "a warning notice" on the question of drunkenness.

"The board," says the notice, "takes a very grave view of convictions for this offence, and practitioners concerned render themselves liable to be summoned to appear before the board, and to have their names erased from the register."

Whether the majority of dental patients would prefer to be treated by a man who may occasionally have "one too many" of an evening or by one convicted of insulting women is a question which is not very difficult to answer.

This same Dental Board has recently made a number of interesting, if ironical, rulings.

It constitutes as infamous and disgraceful conduct in a professional respect advertisement in any way, including a notice of change of address; the fixing of a nameplate on the doorway with larger lettering than is allowed by the board; to assist any dentist who has paid a commission to anyone to secure patients; and finally, "fail to pay £5 yearly as a fee to the Dental Board."

A case for punishment

After the procedure in the disciplinary cases mentioned, one might imagine that this ruling would not be very strictly enforced by the kind-hearted gentlemen of the Dental Board.

This is not the case. At the last meeting Mr. William Birkett, of East India Dock Road, Poplar, was summoned before the board on charges relating to advertising and to an estimate for dental treatment under the National Health Insurance Act.

There was no undue leniency in this case. The case was heard, the evidence weighed and the facts found proved. The decision of the board was that "the name of William Birkett ought to be erased from the Dentists' Register."

"Infamous" conduct

Equally unfortunate in having chosen to sin professionally rather than morally was a South London dentist. The charge against him was that his name was painted in large letters on the wall above his first-floor window, and that he had the word "dentist" in the entrance to his surgery printed "in size and in quantity in excess of anything required for legitimate professional purposes."

The charge accused him of being "guilty of infamous or disgraceful conduct in a professional respect."

We do not of course object to the Dental Board having the same interpretation of "disgraceful professional conduct" as the British Medical Council.

But we do think that in matters affecting the morals of the members of the profession it should radically amend its outlook. Otherwise the sooner drastic alterations in the composition of the board are made the better it will be for all concerned.

Exploiting Unemployed

An Extraordinary Agency

THE secretary of a reputable commercial undertaking has complained to us that he has been pestered for some months past with applications for employment, although his company had not advertised any vacancies.

He was struck by the fact that the letters of application were rather cleverly worded, and although they came from various people in all parts of the country, there was a certain similarity of construction, which suggested that they originally emanated from the same source.

A comparison of the letters showed that they were all written on the same sort of paper, and it was clear that they had been run off on a duplicating machine, the name of the company to which they were addressed having been typed in afterwards.

The secretary's suspicions were heightened considerably by the arrival of a further letter of application addressed to a gentleman who was no longer associated with the company, and he wrote to the applicant to enquire how he came to write to the *late* chairman of the concern.

A frank explanation

In due course he received an apologetic letter from a youth who frankly explained that he had acted on the advice of a firm of employment agents who had supplied him with fifty typed letters and fifty names and addresses of prospective employers in return for a fee of £3 3s.

The agents in question are Percy Coutts & Co., Ltd., of 325, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, who make a speciality of "Effective Applications" for "Superior Employments."

They profess to have intimate knowledge of likely posts at home and abroad. "Through lack of information on the subject, doubtless you, like many others," they tell their clients, "know nothing of these openings."

In view of the case we have just cited, and the bright way in which Percy Coutts & Co., Ltd., put a client in touch with a person no longer associated with the company that was supposed to present "an opening," it would seem that they, too, don't know everything about these openings!

An easy task

Messrs. Coutts may be conducting a legitimate business, but it would be much cheaper for applicants themselves to lift the names and addresses of various companies from trade directories.

The stereotyped forms of application could be run off on the duplicating machine very cheaply, and the paper used is certainly not remarkable for its quality.

We have no doubt that Percy Coutts & Co., Ltd., are flourishing, but might we suggest that in this time of severe unemployment they might moderate their charges?

"IF YOU HAVE TEARS . . ."

THE SPECTRE THAT STALKS ABROAD

Britain's Heartbreak Homes

THERE is a room in the offices of John Bull, where daily and hourly the meaning of national poverty is driven home to the very hilt. Here come the appeals for assistance, personally or by letter, from the victims of our overwhelming industrial depression.

Each story told seems more heart-breaking than the last. We make no apology for repeating some of them. If they serve to awaken the national conscience to what is, after all, the greatest of all wrongs, the poverty of millions of our people, our words will not be wasted.

On a scrap of paper comes a poignant appeal from Mrs. Hall of Bootle. Mrs. Hall is not a reader of our paper. She cannot afford to be. She has seven children and not long ago was obliged to obtain a legal separation from her husband. An order was made against him for maintenance, but he has paid nothing.

The eldest of the family, a girl of sixteen, is in hospital on the verge of consumption. The second girl is just leaving school, but cannot find any work.

A mother's terrible straits

Three of the other children are naturally delicate. The baby, not yet two years, would be strong, only there is no nourishment other than bread, without even margarine, and he is now weak and ailing.

The poor mother cannot find even a little charing to do, and has had to sell the bedclothes to augment the small amount she receives in relief. Three of the children are unshod and now comes the threat of eviction owing to arrears of rent.

The story of James Carey, of Coatbridge, Lanarkshire, illustrates the tragedy of the ex-soldier, whose reward for honourable service has been the ruin of his home and the crushing of all hope and ambition.

Discharged in 1917, after serving in the East and in France, with the loss of the sight of one eye owing to rheumatism, he was allowed a pension for two years. At the end of that time the pension was stopped, on the grounds that his disability was not due to war service.

An awful death roll

With a wife and eight children to support, James Carey struggled manfully, but being unable to follow his old occupation, had to take what temporary work came his way.

This was not sufficient to provide a decent home for the kiddies, and owing to the shocking overcrowding in his district, five out of eight of the children contracted disease and died.

Four of them he managed to bury decently, but when the fifth little one died in a Glasgow hospital a few weeks ago, and 18s. was needed to bring him back to the little home, there was nothing left for the funeral.

The rent which James Carey has to pay is heavy. Not long ago he obtained a new council house for which he pays 10s. per week, and already, with the handicap of bad health, he is a month in arrears.

We have been able to give him a little help out of the fund to clear his rent, but why should a willing and earnest worker, who deserves well of his country, ever have to make an appeal?

The spectre of hunger stalks abroad in Ireland too.

D. Ross, a Dublin man, was once a noted athlete. He also served in the war, but contracted malaria and was discharged with a paltry pension of a few shillings a week.

Years of bad health and underfeeding and almost continuous unemployment have sapped the muscle and energy of the one-time athlete, and now he is a poor wreck of a man, struggling to find bread for his wife and kiddies.

From Rhondda comes the story of a truly tragic family. The father has been unemployed through illness over fifteen months. The eldest son, a man of thirty-three years, who might have helped to support the family, is at death's door, having been taken seriously ill not long ago.

The youngest of the family, a girl of eleven and a half years, is now in the first stages of consumption, contracted, the doctors say, owing to the horrible housing conditions.

Struggling against misfortunes

Altogether there are seven in the family, with a total income of 25s. from the parish and 7s. 6d. from the National Health Insurance.

There is a boy, aged seventeen, who is still at school. Some might say that he should be working, but he is a brilliant boy, and has won a county scholarship, and the father is anxious that he should have the chance in life that was denied himself.

The rent is in arrears, and it is for that reason an appeal on behalf of the family is made.

The last typical case is that of Thomas Slade, of South Shields. After the war, he was thrown on the unemployment market, but, determined to make a living, he sold his

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P., who recently drew attention to widespread poverty in an article in this paper, entitled "The Haunted Millions"

piano and half his furniture to buy a horse and cart.

He struggled to make both ends meet, but the horse fell lame and was condemned, and the little business crashed to ruin, Slade being in debt to the wholesaler for £6 5s.

He managed to pay 2s. a month out of his unemployment benefit, until his wife fell ill. Then a bailiff arrived with a warrant and a demand for the balance of the debt. A kindly tradesman advanced the money, to be paid back at 10s. per week, when possible.

For three or four weeks, Slade managed to pay, but there are five children in the home who must first be fed, and now the poor fellow is at the end of his tether.

There are millions of men struggling and starving to-day who are no more responsible for their misfortunes than this man and who are as deserving of help.

How long must this continue?

A Bookmaking Puzzle

Strange Triple Alliance

NUMEROUS complaints are reaching us—some from as far afield as Ireland—concerning a personage named M. Goodson, who is carrying on business as a turf commission agent.

A County Wicklow reader opened an account with M. Goodson, and at the end of the first week's transactions he received a statement showing a balance of £5 5s. 10d. in his favour.

He did not receive his money, though. All that came to him was an impudent letter which stated that M. Goodson's experience of Irish clients had been bad.

Preposterous treatment

He was, therefore, withholding our reader's winnings for that week, and would continue to do so until they reached a figure above £10, the amount of agreed credit.

The client could do nothing but protest against this preposterous treatment, but M. Goodson paid little heed to him.

This unfortunate victim claims that there is a sum of about £43 due to him now, and he is still without satisfaction.

We have also received a letter from a Dublin reader protesting at treatment received at the hands of a commission agent named E. D. Robson.

A complicated affair

Queries respecting E. D. Robson have been almost as frequent as those regarding M. Goodson, and the remarkable part about the matter is that the address of both these gentlemen is given as Rooms 26, 27, 28, 318, 320, 322, Regent Street, London, W.1.

No doubt such an office-sharing arrangement has its drawbacks for the public, and perhaps the complaints are due to troubles which have arisen from this cause

But the matter has been complicated considerably more by the discovery that the office which these two bookies share is let to a third gentleman.

Can he supply the solution to this rather mystifying affair?

Tale of a Quack

An Alarming Letter

A NEW CROSS reader complains that his wife, who suffers from rheumatoid arthritis, paid for treatment by a quack who "guaranteed" to refund her money if he did not effect a cure. As she felt no better after six weeks she applied for the promised refund, but her letter was ignored.

We were not surprised to hear this when the name of the quack became known to us. He is Arthur Richards, of 14, and 15, Fulwood Place, High Holborn. London, W.C.

An unusual case

The patient to whose case we have referred answered one of his advertisements. Mr. Richards asked her to complete a "symptom chart" and return it as soon as possible. He promised then to consider her case carefully and send her a "ten days' course" free of all charge.

Mr. Richards duly sent the ten days' free course; but he also sent a two-page letter, calculated to impress the patient with the fact that hers was an unusual case.

"I do not think I am far wrong when I say that either one or other of your parents or grandparents suffered from one form of uric acid troubles," he wrote, adding that "hereditary pre-disposition always means a very stubborn form of rheumatism."

Dangerous delay

"I am not suggesting," he continued, "that your case will become absolutely hopeless, but recovery most certainly necessitates your making every possible effort now."

And the "every possible effort" inferred was a special course of treatment costing 21s.

There is little doubt that the sufferer was led to forward 21s. in the belief that Mr. Richards was taking a personal interest in her individual case. The truth is, however, that the ominous letter, with all its fearsome details of "symptoms" and "developments," is a stock one, used by Richards for years.

Readers should be warned to place no confidence in Mr. Richards.

THE RASCAL ASPINALL

A MOONSHINE MINE

Here's Jumping Joe Again!

IT might be thought that a man who had been through the Bankruptcy Court would hesitate about dabbling in finance again. Below we show that an old hand in company promotion is approaching the public once more.

IN an office at 58, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., is to be found a middle-aged gentleman named Joseph Aspinall, who is closely associated with the affairs of a concern known as the Plymouth Mining Company.

He is, to be correct, its leading light, and is also an outstanding figure in various sharepushing and company-promoting schemes.

What is the Plymouth Mining Company? Does it own mines? Is it the financial bulwark its name might suggest? Is it as sound as Plymouth rock?

The only information to be gleaned about this company at Somerset House is that it is not a "limited" company, but merely a trading name for Joseph Aspinall and two younger members of his family.

Nor does it deal wholly—if at all—in mining propositions.

An old hand

Quite recently, for instance, under the silvery persuasion of Joseph Aspinall, a lady was induced to pay for some shares at a price far in excess of their worth.

Aspinall is an old hand at share-touting, and has been active in this direction through the medium of the Plymouth Mining Company, which was registered under the Business Names Act in 1924.

The public should therefore regard his offers with the greatest caution. Those who are approached by Aspinall should get expert advice on the propositions put forward before any money is paid over.

There are many reasons why such precautions are necessary.

Chief amongst them is the fact that there are many people to-day who have been victimised by Aspinall in a previous mining venture called the Crafnant and Devon Mining Syndicate

Most of these are ladies, Aspinall having made a speciality of imposing upon female investors.

A tricky action

The Crafnant and Devon Mining Syndicate, which boasted offices in Piccadilly, was established to revolutionise the mining industry, and set out to do so with the nominal capital of £100, of which, according to the files at Somerset House, only £2 was paid up!

Aspinall told wonderful stories to his victims and induced a large number to invest money which, in the aggregate, amounted to £140,000. Some went down to Wales to inspect a mine there which Aspinall had named "The Klondyke."

A number of men were employed by Aspinall at this mine, and a dump of metal, brought from Cornwall, was used to lend a touch of realism!

When any interested person wanted to see the mine, lead ore was brought from the offices and placed in the mine in such a way as to make it look like a lode.

Some was also scattered about to look as if it had been chipped in the working!

After a lot of clever company mongering on Aspinall's part an investigation of the affairs of the Crafnant Company was made, with the ultimate result that Aspinall was arrested and charged with misappropriating funds amounting to £7,000.

Remarkable disclosures

When he appeared at the Old Bailey some remarkable disclosures were made. According to Aspinall's own admission he had spent £12,000 more than he was entitled to do, but his explanation was that he was an optimist and had hoped to repay the money "some time or other."

It was stated that the money had been squandered by Aspinall in furnishing his private house, in supplying flowers, fruit, cigars, clothes and guns. He had also acquired a motor-car and a yacht.

Two previous convictions were mentioned against him—one of nine months in 1913 for perjury in connection with his answers in his bankruptcy and a similar term for fraud in 1917.

For his Crafnant Mining activities he received twenty months' hard labour, the Common Serjeant remarking that he had been guilty of callous, cruel and mean conduct. To this scathing condemnation he added that the only doubt he had was whether he should not send Aspinall to penal servitude.

This was four years ago.

Some things to remember

Aspinall next appeared in the limelight at the Bankruptcy Court, in the custody of warders in March, 1923, as he had failed personally for something like £18,000!

In the Plymouth Mining Company venture he has adopted the method of interviewing clients in person, thereby dispensing with the necessity of putting his sharepushing recommendations in writing.

Intending purchasers of shares through his guidance should bear this in mind, as he is an excellent talker and knows just how to influence his listeners with plausible statements.

In this connection it should be borne in mind that he was once sentenced to nine months' hard labour for perjury for untruthful answers to the Official Receiver.

Before people try to make their fortunes out of the shares offered by Aspinall's Plymouth Mining Company they would do well to digest the facts contained in the foregoing article.

A STUDIO SCAMP

D.DDLING THE DAUBERS

A Roasting for Steweni

IN the following story we narrate the extraordinary exploits of one who should be carefully watched. Plausible and versatile, he can "tell the tale" on all occasions, varying it to suit any circumstances.

ARTISTS, advertising agents, and others engaged in the publicity world are wondering what is the legitimate function of Luis C. Steweni who has entered their sphere.

He describes himself sometimes as an artist and sometimes as an advertising agent.

When his own descriptions vary in this way it is not surprising to meet with some divergence of opinion amongst others.

An advertising agent who knows him better than some states emphatically that Steweni is not an artist and does not possess the ability to produce drawings.

As an advertising agent, Mr. Steweni has also demonstrated his incapacity, as at least one firm knows to its sorrow.

A double pose

In the unsuspecting artist's studio Mr. Steweni will pose as a "big man" in the advertising agency business, but in an advertising agent's office he does not mind being looked upon as the struggling artist.

We are interested in Mr. Steweni's doubtful career, mainly because artists who are artists and advertising agents who are advertising agents are suffering by it.

He has ordered drawings from artists which he claimed to have contracted to supply to reputable firms. Having completed the work the artists have had to write off the accounts as bad debts.

In ordinary circumstances, of course, to obtain credit is no offence, but Mr. Steweni favours extraordinary methods.

For instance, artists who, several weeks ago, supplied £30 worth of sketches which Mr. Steweni said he required for certain important houses, are still waiting for payment.

Opportunity abused

As Mr. Steweni represented himself to them as a director of one of the most prominent London advertising agencies, they never suspected there would be any trouble when the work was completed.

Mr. Steweni saw his opportunity to make capital—or rather to extend his credit—through the fact that the suppression of newspapers by the general strike hit the advertising profession fairly hard.

When it was suggested to him politely that payment was due for the drawings, he had the cool cheek to inform those whom he had exploited that, owing to the strike, he could not settle then, as he had to finance his firm to the extent of £2,000.

Mr. Steweni is both plausible and versatile. To the actual principals of the advertising agency concerned he had very different tales to tell.

Advertising is a kindly profession, and once a man has demonstrated his capacity for supplying good work he generally gets a lift if he needs it, without any enquiry into his antecedents.

That is what happened to Steweni, but, unfortunately, he has abused his opportunities.

He was never even on the staff of the firm about which he made the utterly unfounded statement that he was a director, nor did he ever lend them any money.

We have the firm's word for it and they should know.

An unpleasant task

In fact, as regards lending money, the boot seems to have been on the other foot, for Steweni often received payment in advance to oblige him when he stated that he was hard up.

Meanwhile, artists who actually did the work for Steweni were getting nothing for it.

Artists are not the only victims of Mr. Steweni's laxity in the matter of payment.

Another advertising agency has cause to regret ever having any dealings with this gentleman.

In this case, Steweni was actually made a director, but without authority to sign cheques or pledge the firm's credit.

An office was specially furnished for him by the firm. He did not invest any money in the concern, nor was that asked or expected of him.

Mr. Steweni left after a few months and the firm had to smooth over much unpleasantness between themselves and their clients.

A cool demand

Having left the firm, he sent a solicitor's letter demanding various articles of furniture, including those bought specially by the firm to equip the office which he used.

Fortunately, the firm possessed indisputable proof of ownership, and were thus able to treat this surprising demand with the contempt which it deserved.

It is annoying for an artist to see his work used by prominent and highly reputable firms and not to receive payment for it.

No less annoying is it for such firms, knowing that they have paid Steweni for the work, to be confronted by the real artists who have not been paid.

Mr. Steweni talks about the slowness of some of his clients on the "ante-up question," whatever that may mean. Complaints before us show that many artists have cause to know that Mr. Steweni is unduly slow on the "pay-up" question.

In these circumstances young artists will be well advised to turn a deaf ear upon his plausible tales and to place their work through the medium of some other channel than the unsatisfactory one afforded by this enterprising "agent."

THE PROFITS OF A PROPHET

ANOTHER MESSIAH HUMBUG

World Teacher's Strange Cult

KRISHNAMURTI, the young Indian who is going about the world as the central figure in the "New Messiah Movement" to which we recently referred, has received a nasty shock. So, too, have religious circles in general.

For Krishnamurti has a rival. And his rival is not a mere lad, but a man of mature years, with locks of curly grey hair and a flowing beard.

Nor does he pass under an unpronounceable name. He is known for the most part by the title of "World Teacher and Prophet of the Age," and is "The General Overseer" of a curious cult called the "Pentecostal Spirit Return Movement," the headquarters of which are situated at "The Rock," 170, Romford Road, London, E.7.

This new prophet is a remarkable personality. Although his teachings are for mundane folk, he professes himself to be in close touch with those who departed this world thousands of years ago.

Some astounding claims

He claims, for instance, to have been specially selected by the angels and "by the council of the Just from those mansions far beyond the surface of the sun" to deliver a message "to all people, tribes and tongues" throughout the world.

This message, he contends, has been received by him from "the carpenters of Nazareth, James and Jude," who, though they passed away so many ages ago, have been able to get into touch with him by some means not disclosed.

What is this message?

It is no brief word of counsel, but a long rigmarole, amounting to some thousands of words, the transmission of which must have occasioned much trouble and consternation amongst wireless enthusiasts, who probably attributed the disturbances to atmospherics.

However, the "Prophet of the Age" does not propose to broadcast this lengthy message by word of mouth, and for the convenience of himself and everybody else, has had it all set up in type by worldly printers, and is busy circularising people all over the country and inviting them to purchase copies at 8d. a time!

"False prophets and traitors"

Quite a large section of this "Message" is devoted to condemning all other creeds, terming priests and ministers in general "vile souls, false prophets and traitors."

But as the message also declares that "the Prophet of the Age" is the one man who has "full knowledge," it seems rather unjust that he should so scathingly denounce others who have not his sources of information.

Apart from "the carpenters of Nazareth," the "World Teacher" claims to have also been in touch with a notorious figure in Biblical history, Judas Iscariot.

This unfortunate character has, since leaving this world, been thinking over his sins and has, according to the "Prophet of the Age," repented, and is now at his beck and call.

At any rate, the following message forms part of a long "confession" recently sent by him to the "Prophet" and published by him in the eightpenny volume.

"As the greatest of all traitors and deceivers," says Judas, "I am again to give 'My Witness,' and any time my wicked life can be of use to help others, it shall be used by this blessed servant of the race, your 'World Teacher.'"

Anxious to know a little more about this remarkable new prophet we despatched a representative to "The Rock."

He fully expected to find him sitting upon an episcopal throne, and was therefore amazed when he discovered that the headquarters of the "Spirit Return Movement" were situated in quite an ordinary-looking dwelling-house.

In fact, our representative could not refrain from feeling that the stream of trams and buses which passed the door must have seriously impeded the transmission of spirit messages.

It was the "World Teacher and Prophet of the Age" who opened the door in response to repeated rings. He was not robed in flowing garments, but appeared decidedly unkempt, and with a muffler about his neck.

Back to earth

When our representative was ushered in he found himself in a printing works! No staff was visible, however, and from the state of the "Prophet's" waistcoat it was fairly evident that he himself was compositor, proof-reader and printer's devil rolled into one.

But it must not be thought that he performs these onerous duties in addition to his "World Teaching" without some tangible recognition of his services.

At the end of "The Angel's

"The Prophet"

Message" is printed a special form, in which those to whom he appeals are asked to send money.

"All cheques and postal orders," runs the final paragraph, in conspicuous type, "should be crossed and made payable in the Prophet's name, Arthur Richardson, Westminster Bank, Ltd., Stratford Branch, and sent to the headquarters of the Pentecostal Spirit Return Movement, 'The Rock,' 170, Romford Road, E.7."

To many people this sudden descent from spiritual matters to such sordid financial details may come as a nasty jar.

Apparently, then, the prophet gets quite a lot of profit out of this new movement, which seems a little hard upon his friends in the beyond who supplied him with the "message" free, gratis and for nothing.

A HUMAN BAD PENNY

A BLUFF-AND-BUNKUM BUSINESS

The cause of the ex-Service man appeals to the public and shady people take advantage of it

WHENEVER a concern, by its title or otherwise, suggests that it has been set up with the laudable object of relieving distress amongst ex-Service men, it naturally makes a greater appeal to the generosity of the public than if it were an ordinary business enterprise.

Unfortunately, there are many nimble-witted gentlemen who are quick to take advantage of this fact for their own personal gain.

One such person is a Mr. J. Woodall, who describes himself as the "principal" of a concern which bears the strange titles of "The Ex-Service Men's Self-Help" and "The Self-Employed Ex-Service Men."

A touching appeal

On looking into Mr. Woodall's affairs, we find that for some considerable time he has been sending unsolicited circulars, signed by himself as principal of the above-named businesses, appealing to people to favour him with orders for goods said to be made by ex-Service men.

During the course of his operations in this connection he has had frequent changes of address, one of his latest being in Uxbridge Street, Notting Hill, W.

Anxious to discover what sort of an institution this "Ex-Service Men's Self Help" was, one of our representatives called at the Uxbridge Street address, only to find that no institution existed there at all.

A sudden exit

The only evidence that could be gleaned was that, until quite recently, Mr. Woodall had rented a couple of rooms and had lived there with his wife and children.

No ex-Service men were employed there, and all that Woodall could boast of was a small stock of "cheap-jack" goods. He left these quarters very suddenly a few weeks ago without paying his rent!

This, then, is the principal of the "Ex-Service Men's Self Help," which appeals to all and sundry to purchase its goods because they are made by ex-Service men who will benefit by their sale.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Woodall is the "Self Help" and "Self Employed" concern. It is his business, and he, therefore, appeals to the public on his own account.

Something of his methods may be gathered from the following details.

In April last one of Woodall's circulars was received by the headmistress of a girls' school in the provinces, and the fact that it was multigraphed suggests that he had sent others to similar institutions in various parts of the country.

The broken promise

This circular, with its "Ex-Service Men" atmosphere, asked the headmistress to allow patterns of certain silken goods to be passed round amongst the girl pupils.

She willingly acceded to what she thought a reasonable request, with the result that a number of youngsters put their money together and collected a sum of over £6.

This was despatched to the "Ex-Service Men's Self Help" for various articles. The goods did not come, and for a time Woodall was silent.

At last, in response to insistent demands that the goods should be sent or the money returned, he deigned to send a letter promising delivery of the articles within a few days, but the promise remained unfulfilled.

A sham service

But this is not an isolated complaint. There have been many others, some of which have been lodged with the police.

Enquiries at another address favoured at one time by Woodall produced the same sort of information. Woodall had occupied a couple of rooms there and had dealt in imitation silver beads and cheap jewellery.

Our investigations have proved that this movement is not at all on a sound footing, and the public should enquire fully into Mr. Woodall's efforts before parting with their money.

A SHADY BANK

FINANCE AND FISHING-RODS

A Mysterious Continental Circular

A WARRINGTON reader writes to say that some time ago he purchased some Belgian premium bonds through the "International Bank for Import and Export," of Brussels.

Lists were sent to him showing various drawings that were supposed to have taken place, and he was urged to take up further bonds.

He was assured that "Millions have been honestly earned in the past, even by hard-working people who had understood the necessity of saving, and millions yet, in larger numbers, are to be reaped by anyone who invests in premium bonds."

This somewhat involved exhortation was merely a faint foreshadowing of the complications that were to ensue. The Warrington gentleman was surprised one day to receive a letter from the manager of his local bank asking him to call.

A strange communication

He did so immediately, and found that the International Bank for Import and Export had forwarded a French bond (which they had previously offered to him) for the bank to negotiate.

He accepted it, but wrote at once to the senders telling them not to send any more. After this transaction the International Bank for Import and Export was less persistent.

Then, early this year, our reader received a communication from the Guaranty Commercial Bank, of Brussels, to the effect that it was now acting as agents for the International Bank for Import and Export.

He thought it rather strange that a bank should transfer its business to an agent in this way, particularly as the agent was in the same town.

However, he did not trouble himself very much about it until he received a further communication in the form of a news-sheet styled *The World of Commerce, Finance and Industry*.

A journal with many interests

This interesting publication, issued fortnightly by "The Union Trade Corporation," contained many curious announcements.

Under the heading "Finance" the publication undertook to furnish "financial information and economic news"; another section devoted to "Industry" was supposed to expose fully "conditions of trade and industry of all countries."

A list of articles "wanted" and articles "for sale" presumably justified the reference to "A special Commercial Exchange Department."

Certain other announcements are drawn up in the form of advertisements, one of which is illustrated. Two flashing diamond earring are depicted, together with an equally lustrous diamond brooch.

The letterpress conveys the information that "real diamonds and jewels" can be obtained "direct from the Belgian manufacturers and exporters, without duty," through the medium of the Diamond Jewellery Manufacturers, of Brussels.

This is interesting, for only a week or so ago we referred to the fact that this firm was advertising offers of this nature in the provincial Press.

A busy centre

We mentioned that customers were asked to send their money to the Guaranty Commercial Bank to be held "in trust" until the goods had been delivered to their satisfaction, and that the bank and the jewellery concern were represented by one man at the same address.

There can surely be no busier centre than 15, Rue Markelbach, Brussels. Put briefly, the matter amounts to this: Housed at this address is the Diamond Jewellery Manufacturers, who are backed by the Guaranty Commercial Bank, which has taken over the International Bank for Import and Export.

All these undertakings are boosted in *The World of Commerce, Finance and Industry* run by the Union Trade Corporation, which is also housed at 15, Rue Markelbach, and which, in spite of its multifarious interests, finds time to deal in wireless and bicycles!

A NEW MATCH STUNT

LOOK BEFORE YOU—INVEST

More Salary-with-investment Schemes

A NUMBER of advertisements, offering responsible posts in return for a cash investment, have recently appeared in the Press. Capital so invested is said to be well secured, and interest is promised at the rate of 10 per cent.

One such advertisement called for a "capable organiser and secretary" able to invest £1,500.

The salary that the post would carry was stated to be £624, and "a seat on the board" was included in the conditions.

Applicants were invited to write for appointments to the general manager of the Kent Syndicate, Liberty House, 28, Gerrard Street, W.1.

Prospective applicants, however, discovered that the full title of the syndicate had not been given in the advertisement.

A promising id. a

This may have been due to reasons of economy, of course.

The advertisers were the Kent Match Syndicate, sole British agents for a certain brand of matches.

There have been several match ventures of late which have been attended with unpleasant features, and investors would naturally be a little dubious about advertisements of this class.

However, callers at Liberty House, Gerrard Street, found that the idea was to open branches of the Kent Match Syndicate all over the country and to give employment to those who invested in the undertaking as branch managers.

Nothing to fear

These gentlemen would be responsible for the distribution of the matches in the area allotted to them, and would take their salaries and pay the wages of the men whom they employed from the money derived from sales.

They were also entitled to deduct 10 per cent. of the profits, after which deduction the rest of the money was to be sent to the head office in Gerrard Street.

The people at Gerrard Street were very pleasant when interviewing applicants, and painted the scheme in very rosy terms, and as the money invested was "returnable" what was there to fear?

Though we dislike such schemes on principle, this proposition under wise management might become a paying one.

We find, however, on investigation that one of its leading lights is Mr. Henry Dunsford.

He has signed himself, on behalf of the Kent Match Syndicate, as "General Adviser."

The reason why we advise the public to be cautious is that some months ago a South London reader answered a similar announcement and got into touch with Mr. Dunsford at his Kent Match Industry offices in Gerrard Street.

He was told that he would receive a salary in return for investment, and after the completion of certain formalities the sum of £700 was handed over.

Faith-shaking facts

The glowing prospects set forth in the earlier stages began to wane. The gentleman did not get his salary as it became due, and he is now wondering whether he will ever get his £700 back again.

Another point which cannot be overlooked is the fact that the present scheme is almost identical in its details with the Service Match Industry.

This concern was run by a Captain W. H. Hoskins with disastrous results for the poor investors.

Hoskins, it should be noted, was once associated with Dunsford in another dubious concern called the Inter-Allied Match Industry, and this undertaking, financed in the same sort of way, eventually foundered upon the rocks.

In view of all these facts we can only express the hope that Mr. Dunsford will avoid the pitfalls which led his former charitable efforts to disaster.

The Great Ramp!

OUR BUREAU'S STRIKING HAUL

£1,330 in a Fortnight

WE fully realised when we founded our Bureau to aid industrial assurance policyholders in their fight to recover money wrongfully withheld by the great companies that we were embarking on a gigantic task. To be able to record substantial success is all the more gratifying.

Our "haul" during the past fortnight has totalled no less a sum than £1,330, the beneficiaries numbering ninety-three of our readers.

With commendable promptitude one of the most famous companies has made twenty-one cash payments amounting to £257 3s. 4d., and has allowed thirty-one free policies amounting to £368 2s. 10d.

A few examples

Mr. J. D. Hindley, of Kentish Town, London, is the richer in cash by £10 13s. 4d.; Mr. J. A. Terrett, of Old Kent Road, London, by £12; Mr. W. Robinson, of Tunbridge Wells, by £20; Mr. H. Williams, of Liverpool, by £15 9s.; Miss E. Hurrell, of Newmarket, by £31 6s., while Mrs. Walker, of Hull, has received £93.

In free policies, the company has allowed £14 18s. 6d. to Mrs. A. Norman, of Holloway, London; £16 8s. to Mr. J. Brooker of Newlands, near Horley; £22 12s. 6d. to Mrs. Wynn, of Southwick (in addition to a cash payment of £12 4s.), and £115 to Mrs. Sole, of Holyhead.

A hardly less famous concern has distributed £76 16s. 4d. in cash among eight of our readers and £90 in free policies among an equal number. Mrs. M. Shelly, of Richmond, was first in their cash "draw" with £30 for her Bank Holiday!

From a rival company Mr. W. L. Clelow, of Stafford, received £24 in cash, and Mr. J. Limbrick, of Southampton, £32. From the same company, Mr. E. Q. Farrington, of Saxey, has recovered a free policy value £100 14s.

An insulting offer

There are countless other cases, however, where the wrong yet remains to be righted.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bye, an old Northampton lady, now bedridden at the advanced age of ninety-one, has been paying premiums for thirty-five years.

The value of the policies is only £20, but she has paid in all, out of her savings, £73 15s.

Her premiums must still be paid until her death for the £20 to be recoverable, although she has already given the company more than three times what they have undertaken to repay.

Application was recently made for a surrender value, but a free policy of £7 was all that was offered.

How long will Parliament tolerate this state of affairs?

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THE British Press has recently been ringing with denunciations of the barbarity of the Spanish bull-fights. Are we in a position to throw stones? Do we not also live in a glass house?

A Blot on British Sport

by **SIR GEORGE GREENWOOD**

A BILL has recently been before the House of Commons, and it will shortly be brought before that House once more, the object of which is to render illegal the so-called "sport" of rabbit-coursing and the hunting of carted deer.

Such a Bill is no new thing. Upwards of forty years ago, a Bill was introduced to put down both pigeon-shooting and the hunting of deer liberated from captivity for that purpose. The Bill was too "radical" a measure for the Legislature of that time and failed to become law.

It was, however, followed not long afterwards by what was known as the "Spurious Sports Bill," the object of which was to prohibit three spurious sports—namely, rabbit-coursing, the hunting of carted deer and pigeon-shooting. The last-mentioned "sport" was abolished, but the other two yet remain to be dealt with.

Like others, I do not in the least care whether or not I am called a "humanitarian" or "sentimentalist" because of my advocacy of the abolition of cruelty. I do, however, object to misrepresentation of facts, especially where such misrepresentation may foster a common delusion that cruelty under the name of sport is not merely permissible, but should be regarded as desirable.

Disgusting details

One of our opponents has placed on record: "Our tenderhearted enthusiasts have fallen into a similar fatuous error when attacking the hunting of *carted deer*, but smiling (or affecting to smile) upon the chase of the 'wild' stags of Exmoor or elsewhere!"

With all respect, it is not the "humanitarians" who have fallen into a "fatuous error" here. I know something of humanitarians, and I can tell their critics that there is no man or woman among them who would either smile or affect to smile upon the chase of the wild stags of Exmoor or elsewhere.

We may be grateful, however, to one critic for the description, though all too brief, of the cruelties which the hunted wild stag of Exmoor, or elsewhere, has to suffer until at last, after having been driven to "sough" in the stream or to "take the sea," finally "his throat is slit and he is 'grallocked,' his entrails being thrown to the hounds."

Again, let us contemplate the gentle and gentlemanly sport of hunting the carted deer. "The carted deer has been kept in perfect condition by the best of food and regular exercise."

The imaginary and the real

Sometimes, of course, when feeling "fed-up" with the game, he will stroll into a friendly barn or stable or "set up" in a cool and refreshing pond. In due course he is recarted and returned to his homely quarters, there to enjoy a full feed and sleep the sleep of the just.

Let us now turn from this imaginary picture to consider the real facts of the case.

On more than one occasion the hunted deer has been impaled upon the spiked iron fence, some 6 ft. high, of the Reading biscuit factory recreation-ground. I have preserved a note of a typical case brought to my attention in the year 1907.

On April 18 a deer was chased by the Berks and Bucks staghounds from Wargrave, after a run of many miles, in the course of which the Thames was crossed. It attempted to leap this spiked iron fence, and, getting impaled upon it, hung in this position for about half an hour, until one of the "sportsmen" ordered an end to it with the knife.

It was but yesterday that a hunted deer ran all the way from Holmbury to Dorking, where it was seen by some humane man in an utterly exhausted state and was offered sanctuary in a stable.

It was a "splendid run" said those of the field who had succeeded in following to the old Surrey town, but while they were congratulating themselves at having participated in such gallant sport the poor hunted creature died of exhaustion in the stable.

Humanity staggered

It was but yesterday, too, that a deer hunted by the Kent staghounds took to the sea in its terror, just as though it has been a "wild" stag hunted by the intrepid sportsmen of Exmoor.

But one more "spurious sport" yet remains to be considered. How any man with the smallest grain of humanity in his composition can defend the cruel, cowardly and disgusting so-called "sport" of rabbit-coursing fairly baffles my understanding.

Never shall I forget one Sunday morning in November when I took train to Worcester Park station. Here was gathered together an assembly of some three hundred "sportsmen," and a large number of dogs. After a short wait, a van was drawn on to the ground, heavily laden with large shallow hampers closely packed with live rabbits.

A man lifts a kind of trap-door in the lid of one of the hampers, seizes one of the cowering rabbits by the skin of its back, presents it to each dog alternatively—a practice which has now, I believe, been held to fall within the scope of legal cruelty, and therefore reluctantly abandoned—runs with it, still so held, some thirty yards or so and then flings it down, whereupon a pistol shot is fired by the "boss," and the dogs are released.

A sickening exhibition

Let it be remembered that these are all "wild" rabbits, among the most timorous of wild creatures. They have been sent by rail to London; they have been, previously to being "coursed," surrounded by shouting men and barking dogs, and after all this, half paralysed with fear, the trembling victim is "dumped down" in a strange field.

The result is what might be expected. He can hardly run, and knows not where to run. Some come straight back into the mouths of the dogs. Some merely cower in the grass; others make a feeble attempt to run for a far-distant hedge.

In a few seconds the dogs are upon him. The first seizes him by the back or hind-quarters; the second grabs him by the head or shoulders. Then ensues a "tug-of-war," during which the miserable victim is frequently more than half disembowelled before he is taken, still alive, from the jaws of the dogs. Not one escapes.

I saw as much as I could bear to see of this sickening exhibition. I saw some twenty wretched creatures done to death in this barbarous way in some fifty or sixty minutes; and the "sport," as I was informed, was to go on all day, and was to be witnessed there every Sunday.

Since that time an Act has been passed which makes it an offence to release rabbits in an enclosed place, "whence there is no reasonable chance of escape."

And here I would say a word with regard to the theory that all sports of hunting or chasing, even when the hunted animal has been released from captivity for the purpose, are quite unobjectionable so long as the animal has "a reasonable chance of escape." Well all, surely, must admit that to hunt

Sir George Greenwood, President of the League for the Prohibition of Brutal Sports

animals when there is no chance whatever for them to escape is a brutal and a cowardly thing to do.

Who, for instance, would defend the action of a man who should enclose a field with rabbit wire, place a number of rabbits therein, and then set on dogs to hunt them to death, and call such barbarism by the name of "sport"?

Worthy of barbarians

I have seen a terrier dropped on a number of rats in a large wooden bowl, whence, of course, there was no escape for them. However little one may love a rat, it was a sickening sight to see them all murdered in such a manner.

Then there is the coursing of a miserable hare, hopelessly flying for its life, before large greyhounds, as practised for the "Waterloo Cup," for example.

Why "sportsmen" should appeal to antiquity for its support is somewhat difficult to understand. For what says good old Sir Thomas More, as far back as the time of King Henry VIII.?

"What greater pleasure is there to be felt when a dog followeth an hare, than when a dog followeth a dog? For one thing is done in both, that is to say, running, if thou hast pleasure therein. But if the hope of slaughter and the expectation of tearing in pieces the beast, doth please thee, thou shouldst rather be moved with pity to see a silly, innocent hare murdered by a dog, the weak of the stronger, the fearful of the fierce, the innocent of the cruel and unmerciful."

A hypocritical appeal

And has not good old George Gascoyne said the same thing, where the hare speaks in ever-to-be-remembered lines?

"Are mindes of men become so voyde of sense,
That they can joye to hurt a harmless thing,
A sillie beast whiche cannot make defence?
If that be so, I thanke my maker then
For makyng me a beast and not a man."

And is it not recorded of Montaigne, a writer of deathless memory, that he:

"Never could so much as endure, without remorse or griefe, to see a poor sillie and innocent beast pursued and killed, which is harmeless and devoid of defence, and of whom we receive no offence at all"?

If the appeal is to be made to antiquity to antiquity let us go, but let it be the foremost thinkers and teachers of antiquity, and not to those of the baser sort, those "men of Belial" who had never even learnt the most elementary lessons of humanity.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To His Grace the DUKE OF PORTLAND, K.G., Welbeck Abbey, Worksop.

My LORD DUKE,—Though you had arranged to give a garden party to the British Medical Association during its conference at Nottingham, you abandoned it out of "affection and respect" for the miners. You think that they have been terribly misled, yet you declare there is no finer body of men in the country, and you would not wound their feelings by pleasure-making whilst they and theirs are suffering. Your words do equal credit to your head and heart. JOHN BULL.

To Canon DONALDSON, M.A., Westminster Abbey.

REVEREND SIR,—"Industry is made for man, and not man for industry," you claim, and you are wise enough to see that autocracy in labour matters is inevitably doomed. That men must live to work instead of working that they might fully live is an anachronism in a country which boasts its abhorrence of slavery, and proves our rulers either mentally blind or hypocritical.

JOHN BULL.

To Lady NEWBALD KAY, Poppleton Hall, York.

DEAR MADAM,—You hit the right nail on the head when you express wonder that the Wesleyan Conference "dare take upon itself the responsibility of hindering women from fulfilling their call." The remedy lies, of course, in the hands of women themselves. If all women absented themselves from institutions refusing complete sex equality we should soon see a change of front. Women now are the mainstay of the Churches, and as such have a right to be heard.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

DEAR SIR,—Although I join in the congratulations that have been offered upon your reaching the seventieth milestone, I shall not add to the pæan of praise on your genius. You are fond of arraigning our follies; you see the country in a terrible mess. Put your big brains to work and show us the way out. If you would make a solid, constructive proposal for the solution of our problems you would do more good.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss MARGARET MORRIS, Dance Specialist, Chelsea, S.W.

MADAM,—I am greatly impressed by what I have heard of your curative dances for crippled children. Already, it seems, your work in the London hospitals has achieved splendid results, while it is most gratifying to have your assurance that "never on any account is a pupil refused on the ground of poverty." Accept my congratulations. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. GODFREY CARTER, Sheffield.

DEAR DOCTOR,—The public will be shocked by your disclosure of the extent to which criminal methods are being employed to get rid of unwanted babies, before and after birth. Your demand for the more rigorous punishment of such offences is good as far as it goes; but the real remedy consists in wider instruction in scientific birth-control, which will remove temptation from the path of ignorance and fear. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. C. G. AMMON, M.P., Alscot Road, S.E.

DEAR SIR,—Your anxiety that every man, woman and child in London shall be supplied with a defensive gas respirator, and that instruction in the use thereof be given in the schools, from infant classes onward, interests me. If your proposal is satirical it is ill-conceived. If your fear of air attack is genuine, it would be better to throw your energies into the world movement for disarmament rather than to try and accustom children to the thought that war is inevitable.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. W. BOWEN, General Secretary of Post Office Workers.

DEAR SIR,—You speak the truth when you emphatically deny that the Postmaster-General has any mandate from the taxpayers to make reductions in the wages of any grades of postal workers. In my opinion, such reductions are a gross contradiction of the spirit and terms outlined by the Prime Minister at the end of the general strike—in which, by the way, your union did not participate. You have my support. JOHN BULL.

To JOHN DUKE, Sewerby, Bridlington.

DEAR JOHN,—You are only a boy, but when you heard that a little girl was struggling in the sea and in danger you promptly raced half a mile along the cliff to her rescue. Her foot was found to be tightly wedged between two stones and the water was already up to her shoulders, but you managed, in the nick of time, to free her. Your promptitude and energy certainly saved her life. I take off my hat to you as a British boy worthy of Britain. We could do with more of your sort. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. F. A. BROAD, M.P., Sweet Briar Walk, N.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you drew attention to the Edmonton landlord who by letting off his 12s. a week houses in single rooms rakes in £3 per week per house from poor people, and I cannot regard the Ministry's reply that such cases are isolated as satisfactory. All over the country similar rampant profiteering is going on. The law is being flouted, and strong measures are needed to bring offenders to book.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ANDREW REED, Stanley Road, Manor Park.

DEAR "BROTHER,"—I am told that you are the "father" of the Ancient Order of Foresters, which you joined sixty-seven years ago, when you were a mere lad of twenty-two. You have had twelve children, twenty-eight grandchildren, and fifteen great-grandchildren. You recollect the day the Lady of the Lamp set out for the Crimea, and you helped to "paint London red" when the news came through of the charge of the Light Brigade. The best I can wish you—and us—is that you will live to add a "great" or two to your relationships, and that you will never see another war.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. F. G. ROURKE, C/o Lloyd, Attree and Smith, Wood Street, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—It is eighty years since you first saw the lights of London town, and as you have worked for sixty-five for one firm, I find your reminiscences interesting. Your early hours of business were from nine till seven on week-days and nine to four on Saturdays, with no holidays except Christmas Day and Boxing Day and one other week in the year. Still, though you worked much harder, life was less hurried and worried, and taxation was almost negligible. For the man of philosophic insight there seems to be some relationship between these facts—especially in the matter of working hard. JOHN BULL.

It's the "Land for Heroes" all right!

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD:—"The man who is a great statesman begins by being a great statesman in his own life."

The greatest statesman is a man who can put greatness into other people's lives.

* * *

SIR ALFRED MOND:—"We are not at the end of our prosperity but at the beginning."

And we're on our toes waiting for Parliament to fire the starting pistol!

* * *

DR. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH:—"You may not like a strong man, but you do respect him."

And, if you see what I mean, that is the reason why Parliament is not commanding respect.

* * *

REV. RUSSELL MALTBY:—"Our Churches are divided . . . . by principles which cannot be the subject of bargaining."

What a terrible negation of Christianity it is that the Churches should confess division!

Without Fear or Favour—*by The Editor*

OUR PADDLING PARLIAMENT

The Brighter View

WE hate the Jeremiah influence. It stifles enterprise. It checks endeavour. It makes even men of ability and spirit feel that nothing is worth while.

To-day we are suffering from our Jeremiahs. They see no hope for the country. Yet a brighter side of things can be found. Good things are going on in quietness. Perhaps because they make less noise our pessimists fail to see them.

Take, for instance, the tremendous projects about to be put into operation by the Port of London Authority at Tilbury. As a result of their development scheme the largest ocean liners afloat will be able to land their passengers within twenty miles of the very centre of London.

Docks will be enlarged to take the biggest cargo boats able to come up the river. Thousands of men will be employed at good wages for nearly five years. There will be a decrease in unemployment and a vast improvement in the general industrial outlook.

Elsewhere, private enterprise and high spirit is setting the pace for prosperity. At Hawkinge and in the Askham valley near Folkestone, smallholders are developing a fine effort in home food production.

One man, Mr. F. E. Templewest, is the leading spirit of the experiment. Already he and a partner have acquired some hundreds of acres of land, have established a model farm and bacon-curing factory and found out that pig-rearing pays.

In one year 4,386 pigs were produced on 120 acres and a profit of £3 per pig was realised. Farm helpers are paid a bonus on results.

We want more of such public spiritedness. We want more such experiments by men of grit. We are sick to the soul of the pessimists. They shed despair like a blight.

There's the land and the people, and the solvency of old Britain to the good. Let us set to work with a will and a cheerful heart, and abundant prosperity is bound to come.

The Tramp's Breakfast

IN future, the South Molton (Devon) Board of Guardians will provide two different kinds of breakfast for the inmates of its casual ward. If a man can produce his insurance card and prove that he is honestly looking for work, he will fare better than the vagrant who has given up trying to help himself.

Although it does not go very far, this arrangement contains the germ of a sound principle. At any rate, it makes some slight attempt to reward pluck and persistence, and to discourage men from helpless drifting with the tide.

It recognises that unless a man is willing to work he has no moral claim on society, no excuse for battering at his neighbours' doors for relief.

When there are jobs enough to go round it will be still easier to sift out the slackers. They should receive short shrift. Work is not an evil. It is the way of salvation.

Let the Country Speak!

WHAT would be said of a captain who deserted his ship during a storm? What shall be said of a Parliament that deserts its country at the height of a crisis? The House of Commons seems bent on demonstrating its futility

THE fact that Parliament is rising this week for its autumn recess, apparently oblivious of the fact that one of the most disastrous trade disputes is still in progress, is not only an indictment of the futility of the present Parliament, but an equally scathing indictment of the apathy of the mass of the people towards the coming catastrophe to British trade.

Already industry has suffered a shattering blow from which it will take us some years to recover. The point at which recovery will be well-nigh impossible is not too far distant.

A Parliament that was worth its salt would forego its holidays and sit in continuous session until by hook or crook a solution of this problem had been found.

A country that had even a dim perception of the terrific issues involved would raise such a storm that no Parliament would dare to disperse without this solution being found.

Sir Robert Horne recently stated that since the war we have lost 195 million working days in industrial disputes and that the total loss of the country has not been less than 1,000 millions sterling.

That is bad enough, but owing to the utter inability of politicians to put industry on an economic basis we have had, irrespective of the miners, a million unemployed during the last twelve months.

Sir Robert's figures fade into insignificance beside the loss that this has occasioned. The working year is roughly 300 working days, which means that through unemployment alone, which, in its turn means through political ineptitude, the country has lost no fewer than 300 million working days in one year!

WHAT this loss of productive energy means in hard cash would be almost impossible to estimate, and Members of Parliament are apparently content to disperse to the grouse moors and the Riviera oblivious of the fact that their country is falling into the abyss through lack of the co-operative effort that we have every right to expect from the elected representatives of the people.

The proposal of the Churches for ending the mining deadlock involved as its basis a further subsidy to the amount of a beggarly ten million pounds—less than half of what a single week of this stoppage is costing the country.

Mr. Baldwin's only reply, apart from some ill-conceived sneers at the Churches' intervention, was the well-worn plea that the country "can't afford it"! But neither can the country afford the continuance of the coal stoppage.

If it cannot afford ten million pounds with a certainty of settlement at the end of it on the miners' own word, it most emphatically cannot afford the dead loss to the country of twice this amount per week and probably as much again from the indirect effects of the stoppage.

The Government that thinks it can afford to spend 545 million pounds out of a total revenue of some 800 millions in paying for past wars and preparing for future ones is talking with its tongue in its cheek when it turns down without discussion the possibility of reconstructing British trade at the cost of ten million pounds!

UNLESS something is done very quickly indeed we are drifting to inevitable disaster. The three parties in this dispute are standing on "a point of honour" from which, because of the ill-conceived and oft-repeated declarations of their spokesmen, they are finding it increasingly difficult to recede.

But there is a fourth party to this dispute—the great mass of the British people—who are watching their prosperity, if not their very livelihoods, slipping away from them day by day.

We urge them to look facts in the face and realise where they are being led because those who should govern refuse to do so.

If this knowledge once sinks into their minds, there will be such an outcry that the Government will be forced to act or to be swept into oblivion.

H.M. the King, to whom we appeal, as constitutional head of the country, to refuse to allow Parliament to disperse until the disastrous coal stoppage is settled

The Bane of Politics

THE other day, the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., allowed himself the luxury of candour. "The world at present was going forward in everything," he said, "except in politics."

This frank confession by a seasoned politician ought to set us thinking hard. Undoubtedly, it is true that what we call "politics," the science of human government, is the most backward field of social endeavour.

Except in politics, the age in which we live is one of unexampled progress. Scientific discoveries follow each other with such bewildering rapidity that it is not easy to keep pace with them.

In medicine and surgery skill and knowledge are advancing with giant strides. It is an age of miracles.

In preparation for war no charge of backwardness can be levelled against civilised nations. Their machinery for wholesale murder approaches perfection. It will soon be easier to blot out whole populations than it was in earlier wars to gain a mile of ground.

It is only in politics, as the Home Secretary truthfully admits, that we are not going forward. In the art of self-government we are still in the kindergarten school. Democracy has not yet outgrown the bib and feeding-bottle.

We can fly in the air, but we cannot manage the mines; we can descend to the depths of ocean, but we cannot climb the peaks of vision and sacrifice; we can "listen in" to France and America, but are deaf to the cry of the children in our own fetid slums.

We can prepare for war, but have no skill to plan enduring peace.

It is a bitter irony. Happily there are signs of an awakening. It comes not a moment too soon.

The Golden Grandson

by A. G. GARDINER

THE unequal distribution of wealth is a fruitful theme for Socialist agitators; but there are millionaires and millionaires. Here is a concrete proposal for eliminating that useless drone who inherits millions for which he did not work

Mr. E. D. Simon, who is associated with the re-inheritance plan recently put forward at the Liberal Summer School

IT was said long ago that "the poor ye have always with you." The world has changed a good deal since, but with all its changes it has not extinguished poverty. The general level of well-being has, it is true, risen.

People used to die of starvation in this country, even within living memory. Children used to be left shoeless and in rags, uneducated and ill fed.

Broadly speaking, this is no longer true. Old-age pensions, health and unemployment insurance, free education, free meals for necessitous children, public provision for medical attendance, sanitation, hygiene and other experiments in social reform have lifted the standard of life incalculably.

A fantastic inequality

Those who say that for the mass of the people life is not better to-day than it used to be, say what is grossly untrue. I am reminded of a reply which my old friend Dr. Clifford made when a Socialist denied his assertion that the condition of the people was better than it used to be.

"But I know it is better," he replied. "I know that when I was a child of eight I rose at five every morning to go to a factory where I worked twelve hours a day. And I know that to-morrow morning not a child in all this land will suffer the wrong that hundreds of thousands of children suffered sixty or seventy years ago."

If we could have a vision of the conditions of the life of the poor in the middle of the last century we should be astonished at the beneficent revolution that has been accomplished.

But if the standard of the general life has improved, the problem of riches and poverty is still unsolved. The distribution of wealth in this country is fantastically unequal. How unequal it is is shown by the fact that while nearly 700,000 people die every year so poor that no affidavit is sworn, wealth estimated at £200,000,000 is left by less than four thousand rich people.

Wealth that is justified

Even here something has been done to promote social justice. The death duties which Harcourt established more than thirty years ago now levy a toll of some £50,000,000 a year on these inherited riches, and this stream of wealth, coupled with high taxation, goes to make the general life more abundant. The reign of the great families, endowed with vast inherited wealth, is visibly threatened, for at each death the State takes its formidable bite at the inheritance.

This is just. I have no hostility to millionaires as millionaires. If a man makes money by his own genius, his own enterprise, his own activity, I do not regard him as an enemy of society. I regard him as a benefactor.

I dare say Mr. Morris has made millions for himself out of his motor-cars, just as Lord Cowdray has made millions for himself out of his world-wide engineering undertakings. But in making them they have created great channels into which labour flows and laid the countries of the world under tribute to us.

It would be foolish to begrudge these men the rewards they get, and still more foolish to take away the incentive to their spirit of adventure and enterprise. We tax them while they live up to half of their income and when they die we appropriate up to 40 per cent. of their wealth.

That is just, though some of them do not think it so; but it would be madness to tax these men out of existence. It would be taxing the most valuable asset of the State out of existence.

Lifting the burden of the past

But the case is different in regard to inherited wealth. The man who makes wealth and in making it enriches the community, is entitled to the enjoyment of half his wealth; but I see no reason why that wealth should be transmitted down the centuries giving power to people who perhaps do nothing for the enrichment of the community.

The Jews of old had their year of jubilee when the individual wealth was returned to the community. If we had had such a provision in regard to land, I believe the whole problem of riches and poverty would have been solved.

The reversion of the soil and the value of the soil to the State in, say, seventy years time, would wrong no man living and lift the burden of the past from all the generations of the future.

And in the meantime why should not the principle of the taxation of inheritance be extended to reinheritance? The idea of creating a great family, and canalising mighty streams of wealth into it to fertilise it at the expense of the community, is antiquated and anti-social.

The conception of a great family, resting not on its merits and services, but on its material inheritance, is repudiated by the modern mind. Let a man enjoy, within such limits as public policy requires, the fullest exercise of the wealth his skill and industry create; but why should his descendants to the crack of doom have the enjoyment of unearned wealth?

A ban on inheritance

The present death duties are stringent enough in regard to the man who makes the wealth; but I entirely agree with the proposal recently put forward at the Liberal Summer School, that these duties should be supplemented by reinheritance duties applying to the third generation.

Thus, if I were to leave £100,000, the State would appropriate the present toll of £20,000 and, in addition, a further duty in anticipation of the passing of my estate to my grandsons. This further duty would be retained by the State, which would pay interest on it to my sons so long as they lived.

When they died the capital sum represented by the duty would be the possession of the State, which could apply it to the cancellation of debt or any other public purpose.

It may be said that a scheme of this sort would lead to evasion—to men distributing their wealth in their lifetime. That was said about the death duties, but the fact remains that those duties bring in £50,000,000 a year. And if people do distribute their wealth in their lifetime that in itself is a gain.

The proposal hits at the great family idea; but that idea belongs to the past. It does not prohibit the millionaire who makes his millions by his own energies; but it does put a ban on the millionaire by inheritance, the man who performs no service to society but levies a vast toll on the world in virtue of the accumulation of his ancestors. These, the millionaires of the future, can be painlessly extinguished with great benefit to the nation.

Keep it in t

A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together! Trite? Perhaps! But we've never yet tried it! Why don't we?

I HAVE often heard people talking of the clan spirit as if it were something rightly buried with all the dead superstitions of the Middle Ages and as if the world had grown out of it.

Lord Strathspey

They might as well talk of growing out of the "parental" or the "filial" spirit: you can't do it, because it's in the blood and corresponds to a deep need of human nature.

I say, Be clannish—as clannish as you can be—but first of all be certain that you have the right kind of clannishness.

To begin with, clannishness does not mean selfishness; on the contrary, it spells sacrifice. The old Scotch clans may have placed their clans above everything else, but there is one thing they did not do: no one placed himself over his clan.

Even the chief of the clan was in reality the servant of the clan's interests, and the lands were held in common under his administration.

As a matter of fact, a man can no more look out with perfect impartiality upon his fellow-men than a parent can love all children as much as his own.

The spirit of the clans has sunk far too deeply into the British character, by tradition, intermarriage and experience, ever to be eliminated, but, instead of applying it to single families, we now apply it to what they have developed.

What the Nation was to ancient Scotland the Empire is to the modern Briton, and every Dominion a huge clan; like a family trait coming out from generation to generation.

IT is the clan spirit which won the war, and which preserves the peace. It is its absence which, I am afraid, is the root of much of our modern labour troubles.

Many working men have ceased to be honest by deliberately trying to wreck their own endeavours; they have ceased to be British by taking their orders from foreigners, and they have ceased to be proud of work.

How's this for Brains?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

UNEMPLOYMENT could be ended to-morrow, as those in power know well. The private ownership of land and a rating system that is strangling industry are between them driving millions to poverty and despair

I HAVE been severely taken to task by a reader of John Bull for daring to talk a week or two ago of the "insidious influence" of the "dole."

"As one of the recipients," writes my correspondent, "I should like to point out to you that it is not the insidious influence of the 'dole' that prevents men taking jobs. It is the paucity of jobs.

"Do you really think I, with others, would be satisfied with 23s. per week when by working I could get 45s. or 60s. per week? It is ridiculous.

"I tried month after month while in London to get something to do, for weeks on end, spending 3s. to 4s. in stamps, and walking miles each day.

"Then I came down to Hastings after a will-o'-the-wisp that has not materialised beyond a season's evening job at £1 a week.

"When turned down by the local committee, I *walked* up to London, did a fortnight's digging of gardens and *walked* back. Is that the characteristic of the 'insidious dole'?

"My whole income for months was 35s. per week, out of which I had to pay 25s. for rent. I, like the majority, want to live and live completely. I am willing to work, but cannot get a job. I am fifty-eight years of age, but still young in energy.

"I can say that the 'dole' kept me, like thousands of others, from doing something desperate. I am positive it has kept England from civil war."

A false theory

The writer of this human document is obviously sincere. So far as he goes he is also perfectly right. I, no more than any other thinking man, believe that the "dole" has demoralised a man like this, nor sapped the spirit of the majority of his fellows. He has, however, missed the real point of my remarks, and overlooked the target to which they were directed.

There are thousands upon thousands of men drawing the "dole" who never did a day's work in their lives, and who will soon be, not only unemployed, but unemployable.

It is not wholly their fault. When the war broke out twelve years ago they were lads—many of them mere boys.

They are not lads now. They are men; but they are men without the rooted conviction that work is necessary if a man is to live. They are men who have never had to struggle and who have been doped for years with the false theory that the "dole" is a sort of substitute for work.

That is one side of what I meant by calling the "dole" an insidious influence. The other side is to be found in Whitehall.

I believe my correspondent when he says that the "dole" has saved him and thousands more from doing something desperate.

A convenient excuse

The insidious influence of that has been that it has provided Government after Government with an excuse to let its brains rust, an excuse to let things slide and to trust to something to turn up.

Now my correspondent quite rightly challenges me to stop attacking the "dole" which has saved him from despair and suggest something concrete that can be done to give him and the rest jobs.

I think I can do so. I think Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland and his colleagues could also do so if they would spend less time bowing down to vested interests and tackle this problem in a national way irrespective of the few tender toes that they might tread on in their progress.

There is a town in England which I hold up as a model to all who are in earnest in seeking a knife sharp enough to cut the roots of this cancer from the body of England.

I am convinced that the land lies at the root of the problem and that its solution can never be successfully found except *via* the land. The town of which I speak has the same conviction and is not afraid to put its conviction to the test.

It is an amazing story. On the outskirts of the town there had lain for years 140 acres of council land. It was unproductive. It brought in no rent. It produced nothing in rates. It could not

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, Minister of Labour

be drained for building dwelling-houses. It was totally unsuitable for a recreation ground.

It came to the ears of the council that a certain firm were seeking a site for a new factory. They found one after another that were admirably suitable, but in every case either the price of the land was extortionate or the rateable value beyond all relation to possible profits.

An all-round benefit

Then this town council got busy. The firm was invited to see those 140 derelict acres, and the council said: "Build your factory here. We will give you the land. It shall not cost you a penny."

"But," said the firm, "you will swallow up our profits in rates. The moment our factory is built these 140 acres will become immensely valuable—and it is you, not us, who will benefit."

"Not at all," said the council, "we will stabilise the rates on your factory for five years at £1,000 a year. After that period the position can be reviewed."

"But," said the firm, "there is no railway siding. How are we to get our goods to the main line without adding enormously to our costs?"

"We will build you a railway siding," said the council—and the bargain was struck.

That factory will employ 10,000 men. Unemployment in that town will be swept out of existence. The drain on public funds will cease. The council will get £1,000 per year where previously it got nothing at all.

But it does not stop there. Ten thousand men, previously in receipt of the "dole," will be earning good wages. There will be a tendency to raise wages in every subsidiary trade in the district.

Ten thousand men will want things they could not previously buy. They will, because they are employed, create employment elsewhere and the general level of prosperity in that district is going to soar.

The result of courage

And all this is happening because a few men had the courage to carry into practice their belief that the root of all production is the land and that upon easy access to the land depends industrial and personal prosperity.

I have never heard a more convincing lesson than that on the folly of a nation allowing its land to be at the mercy of a small group of land lords.

For the land to belong to the nation that lives on it is not Socialism. It is simple common-sense. One day it will dawn on us. The day it does unemployment will be a thing of the past.

the Family

by LORD STRATHSPEY

(Thirty-first Chief of the Clan Grant)

All this is the direct opposite of the clan spirit, and the clan spirit is the spirit of success. What the old chiefs were to the old clans, that the new chiefs of industry are to their employees; they stand or fall together.

WHAT the clan was in war the trade guild of the Middle Ages was in peace, and this is what the modern trade unions forget.

Founded in the days when workers were at the mercy of competition, faced with possible starvation, unhealthy conditions, poverty, disease, the trade unions did a noble work; but most of that work is now undertaken by the nation,

It is the Government that by law prevents employers from sweating the workers; that looks after their health, pays them when unemployed, pensions them when past work, educates their children, and even subsidises the industries at which they are employed—the Government that is doing what trade unions were created to do.

It is Capital, moreover, which pays for all these things—just as the old clan chiefs looked after the poorer clansmen; while the ideal of the modern agitator seems to be only to restrict output or set class against cla—

It takes the clan instinct to understand the folly of it all. Just imagine, for example, trying to organise a war with the minimum of courage and discipline and at the dictation of the enemy.

I should not like to be Mr. Cook in Moscow if as a Russian he was openly trying to run a revolution on money from Downing Street, so that, let us say, the South Wales miners could steal the trade of the Soviet.

I'd rather have the old jingoism that wished every foreigner in Hades in the best clan spirit than some of the sickly sentimentality of a mock "union of hearts"—for I'm sure the proverbial spider must always be using this kind of argument to the flies.

THAT'S why I say to flies just as I say to the other kind of fools, Be a little more clannish—it's hard on spiders, I know—but it will be better for yourselves in the long run.

But when I hear of Russians saying they love their English brethren far more than their own flesh and blood, I am too much of a clansman to be taken in by that kind of talk.

A little less of "Ca-Canny," a little more of "Ca-Canny," if I may be pardoned the pun

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BEDROOM SWEAT SHOPS

CHAINED TO A NEEDLE

The New Song of the Shirt

IT is eighty years since Thomas Hood stirred the conscience of the nation over the horrible conditions of sweating amongst the seamstresses of the time with "The Song of the Shirt."

"Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!"

he wrote of the slaves of the needle of his own time. Were he to live to-day and wished to describe the conditions of some of the women workers in the tailoring trade he would not greatly have to amend his rhyme.

In spite of the mass of factory legislation in the last generation to ameliorate the lot of the workers, in spite of the army of inspectors appointed to see that legislation is put into practice, there are many thousands of women and girl seamstresses whose lot is not a great deal better than in the bad industrial days of the 'forties.

Scores of dingy little bedroom workshops in the warrens of the East End of London, where girls work long hours for a mere pittance, bear witness to the fact.

An iniquitous system

Broadly speaking, the tailoring workers are divided into three classes—those employed by high-class firms, who make dresses or suits almost entirely from beginning to end; the factory workers; and the employees in the bedroom workshops already mentioned, who work either for themselves or on the sub-contract system, which, as we shall prove, is a sheer iniquity.

As a rule, the first class of workers is well paid, though conditions here leave very much to be desired. The highly skilled workers employed by famous West End houses generally take their work out.

In order to save expense, several of them will club together to take a room in the Soho district, where there are numerous instances of gross overcrowding.

The majority of the workers being their own employers do not come under the Factory Act, and cannot, of course, be blamed for the conditions of work which they are forced by economic necessity to impose upon themselves.

Scandalous sweating

In the factories conditions and rates of payment are nominally fixed by the Trade Board Act.

The rates of payment are poor enough, being 7d. per hour for time-workers and 8d. for piece-workers; but even here there is gross evasion of the Act amounting to the imposition of sweated labour pure and simple for a large body of women workers.

The rates are applicable to what are termed "ordinary workers," but nobody has yet been able to define clearly what an "ordinary worker" is. If an employer wishes, he can describe a girl as "slow" and pay her accordingly, which may be considerably under the already inadequate wage.

There are other systems of evasion. If a girl is not able to earn the Trade Board rates of pay she may be put under a system known as "dead horse."

Assuming she has worked on twenty suits for which she has received only 20s. in the legal week of fifty-four hours, it is possible for the employer to "book" her for an extra twelve suits, so that on paper she is receiving 32s. a week.

A terrible millstone

The twelve suits become a labour debt which she has to wipe off, usually by taking the work home and toiling into all hours of the night. Instead, therefore, of working the

Bernard Sullivan, London Secretary of the Tailors and Garment Workers Union

legal week for the Trade Board rate, she may actually be working for seventy or more hours.

Soul-destroying monotony

In many instances girls are under the "dead horse" from one year's end to the other, never being able completely to clear the debt of labour on the "books" of the firm.

This is a disgraceful state of affairs in an industry alleged to be controlled by the Board of Trade, and it ought to be abolished.

There are, of course, many honourable exceptions among the clothing factories, where conditions are good and payment is at least up to standard. But taking London as a whole, there is, undoubtedly, a very large percentage of girls who are earning only from 18s. to 24s. per week.

The work, too, is soul destroying in its monotony. There are between fifty and seventy different processes through which one suit of clothes may go before completion, which means fifty to seventy "specialised" jobs.

"Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam"

said Thomas Hood. Nowadays the girls don't even have that little variety. It is seam all the time, gusset all the time or band all the time, and if they are unemployed it is difficult for them to find work except in the little groove in which they have been trained.

But it is the system of bedroom workshops which constitutes the most monstrous evil in the tailoring industry. The workshops are maintained by small contractors who receive the work directly or by sub-contract from the City or West End tailors and dressmakers.

These contractors are very often themselves poor men, and are hardly to be blamed if they persuade their few employees to work for the barest minimum.

They have no workshops in the majority of cases, and too often the bed has to be removed in the morning before the toil of the day commences.

What inspectors do not see

Ten or a dozen girls may be herded together in this insanitary hovel for long hours, far beyond the eight or nine fixed by the watchful legislators of the Board of Trade.

Technically speaking, many of them are liable to inspection by the Board of Trade officials, and are in fact inspected, but it is frankly impossible to put the regulations into effect.

Rather than run the risk of unemployment, the majority of the girls will tell the inspector that they are receiving higher wages than is actually the case and are being paid overtime for late work, when in fact they may never receive more than 5d. an hour.

Again, under a section of the Act, if an employer is a relative of the worker, there is no right of interference.

The irony of it is that a great deal of the work is good-class tailoring and dressmaking, and the garments produced by these girl slaves of the needle are worn by City men and their wives who would never dream of imposing the same conditions on their own employees.

The end of the road

The Tailors and Garment Workers Union has been fighting for years to end the evil, but as regards the bedroom workshop without very much success. The time is long overdue for a thorough enquiry into the whole basis of employment in the tailoring trade.

The only thing that may be said in favour of the present system is that there is not a great deal of unemployment.

When it is considered that a girl may have to work for £1 a week, it is not surprising that there is no great rush of apprentices to learn the craft. And it is undoubted that many absentees from the East End section of the industry may be found in the ranks of the lost women of the West

In Sunshine Ward
by PHILIP INMAN

THINGS happen in life in which there seems to be nothing but cause for despair. But often in the end the sunshine arrives, made all the brighter by comparison with the darkness of the shadow that has preceded it

THE DIVORCED LOVERS

Joy in the Shadows

Philip Inman

A BELL rings in the reception-room of a London hospital. It is the signal that an ambulance has passed through the entrance porch. Instantly, the doctor and nurses take up their positions in readiness for the emergency.

A minute later a commotion is heard along the corridor and the stretcher-bearers carry in a still and silent form. It is an accident case—one of the many which happen daily in the London streets.

As I stand by watching that scene, I think of what this tragic news will mean to somebody.

The riddle of life

Whilst the patient is being lifted on to the examination-table I see that he is quite a young fellow, probably in the late thirties, and I pictured him leaving his home that morning and waving a cheery farewell to his wife. Now she will have to be told that his voice is still and his arm motionless.

Serious accident cases are amongst the most alarming of life's experiences. To be struck down in the twinkling of an eye seems so unfair, so unnatural.

According to a London coroner, sudden death is the most enviable way of passing out; but what of the shock to those left behind?

It is all part of the unreadable riddle of life, and I think that perhaps Providence was very merciful in withholding from us the doubtful benefit of being able to foretell the future.

I was awakened from my daydream by a policeman at my side. He recounted to me the story of the accident. The patient, walking down Regent Street, was passing under a scaffolding when a bag of cement became dislodged and fell on him.

A blighting shadow

"He seems pretty bad, sir," went on the constable, and the doctor's report a few minutes later confirmed this impression. There were injuries to the back and the head, and he still remained unconscious.

After he had been placed in an emergency bed, efforts were made to trace his identity, so that his relatives might be summoned. His handkerchief was stamped with the name of John R——, and papers he carried destroyed the earlier picture I had had of a wife waiting and watching for his return.

They were official-looking documents saying that John R—— had been cited as the respondent in a divorce case. There was also a little slip announcing that on June 19 last year the decree *nisi* had been made absolute.

The man's address was said to be a West End hotel, but on telephoning there, it was found that he had left several months before, and his present whereabouts were unknown.

What could be done? The position was a delicate one. The patient himself made the decision. A few hours after his admission he regained consciousness, and the first name he uttered was "Audrey." That was the name of his former wife as recorded on the divorce document.

A successful search

Hurriedly, a messenger was sent to her address, but she had left home, and was staying at an hotel at Eastbourne, the name of which was not known.

That day the telephone trunk line between London and Eastbourne was kept busy. No fewer than nine hotels were communicated with before Mrs. John R—— was located. Fortunately, she has retained her married name, otherwise the quest would have been hopeless.

When she heard of the accident and knew of her husband's critical condition she said she would come to him at once. That night she came, and when she saw him her eyes filled with pity. "John," she said tenderly. "Audrey," he murmured, "Thank God you've come."

She was only allowed to remain with him for a few minutes, but when she left the ward, she turned to the nurse and enquired anxiously, "Do you think he'll live?" "We shall know better to-morrow," was the reply.

An awful anxiety

Twice during that night this woman was on the telephone asking if there was any change in her husband's condition, and early the next morning she was back again at the hospital.

When told that there was a slight improvement, the shadow left her face, and a truant tear trickled down her cheek. As she walked upstairs to his ward she resembled a caged bird released from its prison.

For some days it was touch-and-go with the patient, but then slowly, but surely, he started to make progress, and to-day he is well on the road to a complete recovery.

What share his wife has had in his cure it is impossible to say. No one would ever have thought that these two lives had been marred by divorce proceedings.

The sunshine arrives

When she entered the ward his face would light up with pleasure, and through all those days her tender solicitude for him was wonderful to behold.

I cannot foretell the future, but I am going to indulge for once in a little prophecy. I am going to follow the methods of most prophets and rely more on instinct than on reason.

It is not often that a woman goes through the marriage ceremony twice with the same man. But if I read the signs aright that is likely to be the experience of Mrs. John R——.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

"Useless jawing is annoying,
I've no time for cackle.
Let him bawl to caterwaul,
I've got work to tackle!"

Wages suffer, yet this buffer
Draws his daily dole:
We who pay it (tho' we say it)
Must be "up the pole."

A change of views one can excuse,
But, what sticks in their necks,
He left the Libs yet now he libs
At passing in his cheques.

Resurrection of Protection
(Long now dead and gone)
Seems a dubious unsalubrious
Sort of game to John!

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Words Winged to Women

MANY Cabinet Ministers, speaking singly, give utterance to fine ideals. What we are still waiting for is the Cabinet of Ministers who will express them collectively and see that they are embodied in law

A SCHOOL SCANDAL

by MABEL HORNER

THE other day, Sir William Joynson-Hicks told the scholars of a big school in Dorset that unless, at the end of their training, they turned out better than their parents the purpose of their school would have failed.

That was sound judgment. The purpose of all education is progress. The world must go forward or sink back, it cannot stand still. And it is marching to its unknown future on the feet of its children. That is what makes the children's education of paramount importance.

The report of the Board of Education for the school year has just been published. It ought to be studied, not only by professional educationalists, but by all parents.

In spite of the constant criticism to which the Board of Education must necessarily be subjected, there has been a good deal of steady development along right lines of advance. There is improvement in the provision of medical services; fresh schemes have been undertaken and there is better provision for the teaching of defectives.

But here is an important point. We have not yet shown enough interest to ensure proper provision for technical training. That the country needs such training in its youth is but too apparent on all hands. It is only where children are trained to do things that they are busy and happy.

Dismal doubters

It is only the trained man and woman who are really self-competent and self-supporting. The unskilled labourer in the mass is the last unsolvable problem of labour. It was not until 1889 that the public really awakened to the necessity of providing technical education. In that year the first public expenditure was incurred for such schools.

The project of giving technical instruction to young people was looked upon with much doubt. There were even manufacturers found to urge that youths trained in technical arts would emigrate and benefit competing countries; others feared that trained men would be "above their occupation," while the great mass of manufacturers simply had no interest at all in the subject.

In such an atmosphere of indifference and suspicion it is not wonderful that provision for technical training was miserly and instruction often downright bad and even dishonest. In reality it was all on a piece with education for the masses generally.

Discouraging conditions

Nevertheless, truth does not die. When men and women have grasped the vision they do not let it go. Each year saw some bit of progress made until, as in the present instance, we see the central educational authority with technical instruction properly under its wing, and the only difficulty that now confronts its advocates is how to get sufficient money from the Treasury to forward this branch of education as it should be.

Here we are confronted with most disturbing evidence. "It must be admitted," says the report, "that the accounts of technical school premises by H.M. inspectors show that the work is sometimes carried on not merely under serious disabilities, but even under conditions of material environment which must be distasteful to teachers who have known the amenities of study in a university, and cannot but repel those students, at least, who have had recent experiences of a modern secondary school."

Sanitary arrangements in some cases are shocking; dressmaking is carried out on woodwork benches; plumbing is taught in a cellar. In some lecture-rooms there is not even light enough to read anything on the blackboard; in others there exists no possibility for carrying our experiments.

"Do not think," pursues Sir William Joynson-Hicks, "as some people are

Lord Eustace Percy, President of the Board of Education

taught nowadays, that work is a kind of evil, and to do as little as you can and get as much as possible for it."

I venture to think that his colleagues at the Board of Education by permitting technical education in such evil premises are fostering the idea that work is an evil in itself. Meanwhile other countries reap the reward of our folly. Continental Governments do not stint their technical education.

The all-important choice

Nor, if British commerce is to hold pride of place among the nations, will our Government continue to stint ours. It is the most foolish of false economies. We have the cash. We can spend it on aeroplanes and bombs or we can spend it on schools.

We can make the children's future hideous or we can teach the children themselves to make the future beautiful. It is for the British people, who by their enfranchisement control Governments, to say which they will have.

The Sentence of the Court

HORSE-HAIR AND HERESY

Tit for Thomas

CHARGED with endangering the safety of the realm and the dignity of Sir Thomas Inskip, the Bishop of Lichfield pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the facts had been ably summarised by Sir Thomas Inskip, the Solicitor-General, in a speech in which he said: "I have witnessed recently the reception by the Prime Minister of a number of people who, without authority, described themselves as representatives of the Christian Churches. I am a member of the Christian Church (and they have no authority from me."

"If Mr. Baldwin had been aware that the Bishop of Lichfield and other members of the delegation in question had presumed to offer suggestions for settling the coal dispute without first seeking authority from Sir Thomas, he would probably have refused to receive them," continued counsel.

"The Prime Minister acted in ignorance, but no such excuse can be made for the accused. Although fully aware that Sir Thomas was a member of the Christian Church, the Bishop behaved as if the knight was of no account on the ecclesiastical chessboard."

* * *

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., for the defence, said that the complaint against his client was that he had been guilty of an unpardonable breach of etiquette in attempting to bring about peace in the coal industry without first inquiring, "Is this a private brawl, or can anyone join in?" Obviously, Sir Thomas regarded the coal dispute as a private brawl, and resented the law intervening where the law had failed to effect a settlement.

"As for the suggestion that the Bishop is not a representative Churchman because he does not represent the mental stagnation of a minority of professing Christians, it would be as reasonable to suggest that Sir Thomas is not entitled to regard himself as the representative of Bristol Central because his views are not those of some thousands of his constituents.

"If, when the King entered upon war with Germany, a pacifist with the mental make-up of a Tory Solicitor-General had announced, 'I am a citizen of the British Empire and the King has no authority from me,' he would have been greeted with well-merited derision."

* * *

"This weird protest by a knight clad in a shining armour of self-conceit," said Mr. Justice Bull, "is one of the most grotesque attempts at legal strawsplitting. There has for long been a popular theory that the wearing of horse-hair is incompatible with the exercise of horse sense.

"I am not surprised at such a view when a learned lawyer talks through his wig in so absurd a manner. Even if the law is a long-eared animal, there is no need for its practitioners to take for their motto the injunction, 'Let us bray.'

"When a house is on fire we should welcome any reasonable effort to extinguish the flames, especially when the political fire brigade has proved ineffective. I can only express surprise that this sort of Sir Tom foolery should have been used as the basis of an indictment.

"I have no hesitation in crediting the prisoner with the best intentions and discharging him without a stain on his gaiters."

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The surprising thi

IN this democratic age freedom of thought is insisted upon. Many rules governing the conduct of life are now considered old fashioned. But certain basic principles must still be accepted in any law-abiding community.

WHAT DID MOSES SAY?

by RABBI ISRAEL J. MATTUCK, A.M., D.H.L.

THE Bible is not what it used to be! It has lost much of its dominion. Some people treat it with the neglect of ignorance, others give it the cold respect usually shown to things which are held too sacred to be interesting.

Children are frank about it. The Bible means boredom to them. "Tell me a story, but not a Bible story," they sometimes say. That is not the fault of the Bible, but the fault of the way it was treated in the past, not like a human book with human history.

To the Jews the Bible was primarily a law book giving authoritative instructions for the conduct of life; they gave special attention to the first five books of the Bible, which were known as the "Laws of Moses."

Not all the laws have, however, any value in themselves. That is why there are Jews like myself who pay no attention to many of them.

We call ourselves Liberal Jews. While reverencing the Bible as the embodiment of a great tradition, and as a great literature, we hold that we are bound only by that in it which conscience and reason approve.

The atheists' armoury

To some people it may seem strange to treat the Bible in this way. The fact is that the Bible is not "a book"; it is a putting together of many parts. And the right of selection among its diverse contents is established by the divine right of human reason and the divine quality of the human conscience.

Therefore, I can believe in the divine character of the Ten Commandments and not believe in the story about the voice that spoke them in the midst of thunder and lightning.

The "atheists" of the last generation used the weak parts of the Bible for their most telling arguments against religion. The story is told that after a lecture by Robert Ingersoll, the American "atheist," an old lady came up to him and said tearfully, "Mr. Ingersoll, you have destroyed my faith; what will you give me in its place?"

But he could not have destroyed her faith if she had not based her faith on the belief in the whole Bible.

The hardest commandment

We cannot, therefore, treat alike all the laws in the Bible. A selection of the best laws would show that we have not outlived the "Laws of Moses"; we have not yet lived up to them. Some of them are so difficult that few people make any attempt to obey them.

There is the hardest commandment of all: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Even religions themselves have violated it more often than they have obeyed it. What would the Inquisitor in the Spanish Inquisition have said if he were reminded of this commandment?

Perhaps he would have answered that the fellow whom he was condemning to be burnt was not his "neighbour"; he was an infidel! An easy way out!

But the commandment does not mean: Love the fellow whom you can love, but also the fellow whom it is hard to love; yes, the man of different religion, and of different nationality and of different race.

Complete obedience, I know, is impossible for our imperfect natures; but it is up to those who say that they believe in the Bible to try to live up to it.

The surprising thing is that so many Biblical laws have a present application, in spite of their great age. There is, for example, a volume of instruction for modern democracies in the command: "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil."

In imaginative moments I try to picture what the world would now have been like if we had all made a real effort to live up to the best of the "Laws of Moses"; if, say, France had taken seriously the commandment, "Thou shalt not take vengeance"; if every employer took as his guide the law,

The Rabbi Israel J. Mattuck, A.M., D.H.L.

"Thou shalt not oppress a hired servant"; if every worker constantly thought of the injunction, "Ye shall not wrong one another"; if every landowner remembered, "For the land is Mine, saith the Lord"; and if every politician took as his effective motto, "That which is gone out of thy lips thou shalt observe and do."

What is expected from religion

The laws in the Bible are, however, bound to be inadequate for our times; they were given for a much simpler form of society. They lay down general principles; but they do not always give us clear guidance for present practice.

I do not, for example, believe that the Ten Commandments include all morality. I do not find in them, or elsewhere among the "Laws of Moses," commandments that will give us clear direction for the modern industrial problem.

I cannot find any pronouncement which condemns the kind of government that Messrs. Mussolini and Trotsky believe in, and commends the democratic kind of government which the rest of us believe in.

And I expect from my religion guidance in the big things that affect the lives of millions, as well as guidance in the smaller things that affect only me.

I attach greatest importance, however, to the idea underlying the "Laws of Moses." That idea is: Right and wrong depend not on the whims, wishes, or even needs of men, but upon principles that have their place in the universal order.

God is the Author of morality. This is a message that needs special emphasis for those who seem to apply to questions of morality Hamlet's words, "There is nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

Recently, an effort was made in the State of New York to prescribe by law that the Ten Commandments be read every morning in all the State schools. It was argued in favour of this course that it would combat the tendencies to crime which have shown themselves in alarming and growing measure.

I can almost admire such a simple faith! To make men moral by advertisement! It sounds hopeful. But unfortunately when advertising morality, no advantages can be offered.

All we can say of morality is that it is morality—and man must obey it because it is right, and it is right because it issues from universal righteousness.

This is the answer to those who hold that freedom in self-expression is the best way of life. Our grandfathers—or should I say grandmothers—made the mistake of counting mere convention as morality; we are in danger of the opposite mistake, counting morality as mere convention.

The danger of silence

They accounted it wrong to talk openly about the physical relation between a man and his wife, they pretended that it did not exist.

By this pretence they made that relation appear vile, whereas it is sacred; they were ashamed of it, but it is entitled to reverence.

There is no reason in morality why we should not discuss with reasonable freedom, in an atmosphere of purity and reverence, what affects the relation between the sexes.

But that freedom must not be allowed to obscure the holiness that must regulate these relations. Here is where our generation seems confronted with danger.

The increase in the number of divorces shows it; the attitude of young people and what they say show it. It is the danger of thinking chastity a mere convention.

I have known of young people who have refused to go through the marriage ceremony—their love, they said, was enough. Love is not enough, it must be sanctified. The relation of love is a holy relation, its beauty depends on its holiness.

The claim to the right to know life must not make us forget that there is a good life which is worth knowing and another kind which belongs to the beast. The difference between purity and impurity remains as certain as the difference between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, honesty and dishonesty.

Helps to a better life

This difference issues from the fundamental principle: God commanded the right and prohibited the wrong. Morality has its "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not." And it is man's business to find them out and obey them.

In that finding out we make mistakes; that is inevitable. But our mistakes do not alter the facts of morality any more than our ignorance alters the facts of the universe.

Right is right and wrong is wrong, even if we make mistakes in our understanding of them.

There is much in the "Laws of Moses" which can help us to know what is right. It might be worth while to select those commandments which hold good for us and bring them together under the heading, "The Laws of Moses for the Twentieth Century."

They would make an interesting collection; and they would help us on the way to a better life and to the better world!

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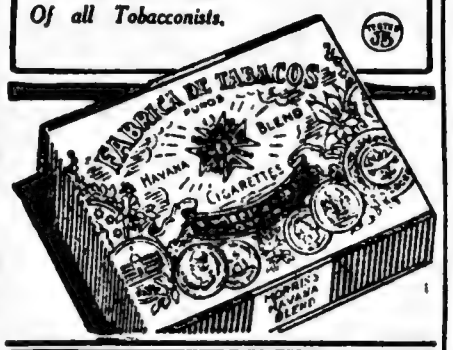

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REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

COMPANY MEETING.

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.

The 35th Annual General Meeting of Shareholders in Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held July 28th, at Furness House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

Sir Frederick W. Lewis, Bt. (who presided), said that the profit and loss account showed that the credit balance was slightly lower than that of last year—namely, £523,044—but, having regard to the conditions that had prevailed, he felt the result would be regarded as satisfactory. They had already paid the usual two half-yearly dividends on the Preference shares as well as two dividends at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum upon the Ordinary shares, and they had again transferred £200,000 to depreciation. They now proposed to distribute a bonus of 2½ per cent. to the Ordinary shareholders, making a total return of 7½ per cent. for the year free of income-tax.

The directors, in conjunction with Messrs. Morgan, Grenfell and Co., had entered into negotiations with Mr. P. A. S. Franklin, the President of the International Mercantile Marine Co., of New Jersey, U.S.A., for the purchase from that company of the whole of the share capital of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., generally known as The White Star Line, one of the most prominent passenger organisations running between this country, the United States of America, and Canada, and with important affiliated interests in the Australian, New Zealand and South African trade. He regretted to state that it had been found impossible to arrive at a mutually satisfactory basis for the consummation of the transactions.

ALLIED UNDERTAKINGS.

Their allied undertakings had continued to contribute materially, both directly and indirectly, to the prosperity of the parent company. During the year they had further added to their motor-ship fleet by having placed contracts in the United Kingdom for four large twin-screw vessels, which were intended for trade between the United Kingdom and the Pacific coast of North America.

The reports and accounts were adopted.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

This Interests You.

Your case will respond to the New Elasto Treatment; you can now experience the joy of healthy limbs, the comfort of sound restful sleep and freedom from pain, all at small cost.

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That is an extract from a recent letter of thanks, the original of which, along with many others, has been inspected by "John Bull's" representative.

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Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

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BEST & PUREST

Human Documents

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

A Jurywoman's Conscience

A Father's Mistake—Wife's Trying Conduct—A Natural Anxiety

"A FEW years ago, soon after women were made liable to serve on juries, I was a member of a jury consisting of four women and eight men at a criminal assizes.

"The case was a terrible one in which a schoolgirl had been shockingly illtreated by a man old enough to be her grandfather and, although scarcely in her teens, she was about to become a mother.

"Listening to the evidence was a terrible ordeal for me and my fellow jurywomen, but a worse ordeal was to follow.

"As we retired to consider our verdict, one of the jurywomen who had overheard the men talking together told me that she believed the men were going to let the blackguard off.

"I shall never forget the hour and more we spent in argument. The women jurors were all in favour of conviction and the men for acquittal. The men urged lack of corroborative evidence, pointing out that it would be terrible to condemn a man over sixty to spend the rest of his life in jail.

"These and other arguments at length persuaded the other three women to agree to acquittal, but I held out until the last. Finally I said they must do what they thought best and the matter would be on their consciences.

"ALTHOUGH a woman had been chosen foreman, it was one of the men who gave our verdict, "Not guilty," it being apparently feared that the woman might at the last moment change her mind.

"The clerk repeated the words incredulously and notified the judge, who coldly said, 'You are dismissed,' in a tone of disgust which I shall never forget.

"During his summing up, it had seemed to me that he was looking into my eyes as though he relied upon me to give a correct verdict, and ever since I have felt that I betrayed my trust.

"I am afraid it is too late to rectify the matter now, but I hope my experience will prevent any other jurywoman allowing herself to be overcome by men's selfish arguments."

"HUMANIST" says: *I hope indeed that your revelation of your mental distress will show others how absolutely necessary it is for a juror not to violate his or her conscience, whatever consideration or convenience may be urged. It would be a thousand times better for such a case to be retried owing to the jury disagreeing than for miscarriage of justice to occur.*

* * *

"I AM a lad sixteen years of age. After leaving school I obtained a situation at £1 a week, but, not being strong enough to do the work, my father, who is a tradesman in a small way, took me into his shop to help him.

A Boy's Probation

"During the time that I was working for another employer I had plenty of pocket-money. I noticed the difference when I had to work under my father, for he gave me very little, and in order to keep up appearances I took some money from the till.

"At last I was found out and my father gave me a severe talking to.

"Perhaps what hurt me most of all was that some of my relations got to know of the matter and they have treated me with scorn as a thoroughly bad lot ever since, although I have promised my father that I will work hard and try to repay all the money I stole.

"I am really doing this, but it is breaking my heart to find that my father has no trust in me at all and locks everything away as though he was in perpetual fear of burglars.

"This has upset me so much that I have thought of running away and trying to find another situation on my own, but I am afraid this would be difficult without references.

"Can you tell me what to do? It is horrible being watched like a criminal all the time."

"HUMANIST" says: *I can quite understand your feelings, but you should not think of running away. It often takes a long time to live down wrong-doing, but if you tell your father how keenly you feel his suspicions and ask him to help you to prove yourself trustworthy, I think he will be sympathetic.*

* * *

"A FRIEND of mine is married to a woman whom he dearly loves, but her strange conduct during the last couple of years has made his life a hell of anxiety.

Wicked or Mad?

"Soon after their marriage, she surprised him with a declaration that she had money of her own of which she had told him nothing.

"According to her story she had saved the life of a wealthy old gentleman whom she had nursed while she was single by several transfusions of blood, and in gratitude for this he had left her a considerable legacy.

"Her anæmic condition before her marriage lent some colour to the story, but it has since been shown that her bloodlessness was constitutional.

"However, she at once began to live far beyond her husband's means, and as she drew cheques on her private account at the bank to pay for her extravagances, her husband humoured her.

"The hectic life that the wife has led for months has resulted in her going away for what she calls a rest cure to a furnished cottage which she has taken at the seaside.

"In her absence her husband has been terribly worried by the discovery that she is deeply committed to money-lenders and he cannot help wondering whether the story his wife told him is all lies and her wealthy benefactor and his legacy alike mythical."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is very difficult to decide whether the woman is simply wicked or mad. Whichever it may be, I think her husband would be well advised to consult either a solicitor or a doctor, if not both, for such a woman should be protected against herself and prevented from causing distress to others.*

A Good Double

THERE is an old saying that a sorrow shared is but half a trouble, while a joy that's shared is a joy made double. Those who halve their troubles by sharing them with "Humanist" can double their joys by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These —" Fund, which relieves the material distress of our poverty-stricken readers. (See page 30.)

"I HAVE a young woman friend who was married at the early age of eighteen to a man who was a cripple. A little girl was born and, greatly to the mother's distress, the child was afflicted in the same way as the father.

Married to a Cripple

"My friend has since refused to have any more children, fearing lest they should be handicapped in the same way as her first-born.

"This has led to an estrangement between husband and wife and the situation has at last become so unbearable for her owing to her husband's surliness and bad temper that she has left him.

"She is anxious to know now whether it is not possible for her to obtain a divorce on the ground of her husband's physical unfitness which has been so distressingly reproduced in her offspring.

"Will you please advise her?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Such physical disability is not a ground for divorce, and I do not think the wife would be justified in seeking her freedom if it were. Her anxiety not to bring any more cripples into the world is natural and admirable enough, but she should not deprive her afflicted child of a father's care and affection. She should try to compose her difficulties with her husband and rely upon a proper method of birth-control.*

* * *

Looking Backward

"The girl I hope to marry has told me that, before I knew her, she suffered the worst injury imaginable from a man who was once an acquaintance of mine. The matter seems to be preying on her mind, and her one thought appears to be how she can be avenged upon him, and I feel the matter may interfere with our future happiness."

"Humanist" says: *Even if one cannot forgive one should try to forget. Brooding over the past and thoughts of vengeance can do no good whatever. Your happiness lies in the present and in the future, and you should urge the girl to put her past sorrows away from her thoughts.*

Her Husband's Brother

"Since I lost my husband, his bachelor brother has been exceedingly kind to me and my children, and we have become greatly attached to each other. I know that a man may marry his deceased wife's sister, but people tell me it would be wrong for us to marry. Can you enlighten me?"

"Humanist" says: *There still appears to be a prevalent impression that such marriages are not permissible, but, as a matter of fact, marriage with a deceased brother's widow has been legal since 1921.*

Forewarned is Forearmed

"A girl friend of mine is now paying a heavy price for her ignorance. She never knew that she was doing wrong until her parents turned her out of the house and told her that her unborn baby would be a child of sin. Do you not think such parents are greatly to blame for a girl's downfall?"

"Humanist" says: *I do. I look forward to the time when instruction in the facts of life and the miracle of reproduction will form part of the school curriculum. Until then, however, I think all parents should ask the family doctor to enlighten their children when they reach a suitable age.*

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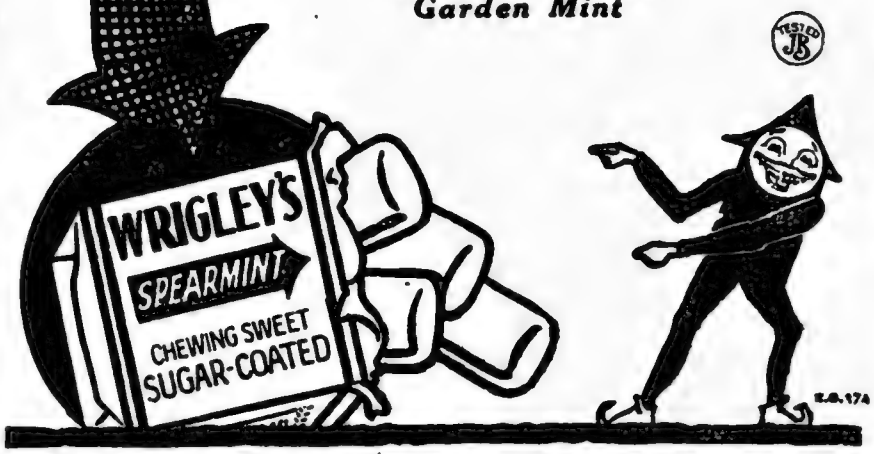

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Our Letter Parliament

The Catastrophe of Cook

Should Trams be Scrapped?—Cheap Wages—An Overdone Slogan

MR. A. G. GARDINER, in "The Emperor of Bedlam," states clearly plain facts about the coal strike. What do the miners hope to gain? In addition to the loss of the trade of the country, I hear that five mines in Durham are to be closed. Thousands of factory hands are thrown out of work by the coal strike. The miners expect support for their families; but there are other families that need help quite as much. Why should the miners expect all the sympathy when their own stubborn refusal to listen to reason is the cause of all the trouble?—*E. H. G., Norwood.*

First Step to Peace

Mr. A. G. Gardiner has struck at the foundation of the present coal trouble. As events have proved, Mr. Cook is an unfit leader, and until the miners realise this fact our coal industry will always be jeopardised. He talks of a ballot to prove the miners' solidarity, but why not a ballot to prove he represents the majority of the miners? If this was possible, I am firmly convinced the first stage to a settlement would be reached—that is, the elimination of Mr. Cook.—*W. E. Martin, Warrington.*

False Illusions

Mr. Cook's popularity in mining areas is due to the number of meetings held by the Miners' Federation, who there state their case without opposition. Many miners did not even trouble to read the terms offered a week ago, but relied on hearsay and the meetings for explanation. If meetings were held by the Government and the owners, and the whole situation explained, many illusions would be removed from the men's minds. As it is, the men are becoming impressed with Mr. Cook's ideas, and a settlement is as far off as ever.—*T. A. S., Lancs.*

Cook's "Catastrophism"

As a miner of twenty years' standing, I protest most strongly against the unfair attack of Mr. A. G. Gardiner upon Mr. Cook. If "A.G.G." will pay a visit to any mining area in South Wales and move about among the miners—some of them ill-clad and many of them underfed—he will quickly find disillusionment. If he honestly believes that the present disastrous strike is prolonged as a result of the "catastrophism of Cook," as he calls it, he has not a very high opinion of the intelligence of the miners of Great Britain. —*D. A. T., Aberbeg.*

Leaders Condemned

Mr. Cook and his executive empowered a deputation representing the Church to interview Mr. Baldwin to lay before him a basis on which the miners were willing to negotiate, yet the Durham Miners Association and South Wales Miners Federation passed resolutions condemning the executive for vesting outsiders with such powers without consulting the men. Can Mr. Cook now rightfully claim to have the full confidence of the miners?—*R. G. H., Ebbw Vale.*

A Fight against Greed

To talk of Cook, as Mr. A. G. Gardiner does, "having his revolution at the expense of women and children," when at all miners' meetings Cook's mandate to fight is endorsed by an overwhelming unanimity, is sheer moonshine. Mr. Gardiner's slogan, "No arbitration, no relief," might more honestly read, "Work on our terms or starve." The miners' struggle is not a war on women and children, but a despairing fight against the mineowners' greed.—*T. C. Dunkley, Ruthwell.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Back with a Rush

The miners' leaders have accepted the principle of arbitration in their reply to the leaders of the Churches, and, given the chance to work on either the Commission Report or the Samuel Memorandum or the plan suggested by the leaders of the Churches, the miners would go back with a rush, and not all the Cooks in creation would prevent them. Let us be fair!—*N. Smith, Seaham Colliery.*

The Menace of Cook

Mr. A. G. Gardiner wants Cook removed as he is a menace to the country. Why? Because Cook won't accept 7s. a day for surfacemen over twenty-one and an hour a day longer, which means nine hours in many cases. Think of it. Thousands married with families, four and a-half days a week on an average wage of 7s. "A.G.G." had better stick to describing test matches, or else write for the "stunt Press," and not JOHN BULL.—*Disgusted Miner, Lancs.*

An Attack Resisted

Mr. Cook is and always has been, willing to agree to a settlement on conditions obtaining last April. This would mean that I will be glad to get back at 7s. 11d. per day less deductions and a not infrequent "play day." This wage is inadequate for me to keep wife, kiddie and myself on, and Mr. Cook has said so. "Mr. Cook's adventure" was begun by men who sought to lower the above wage, and Mr. Cook thought it his duty to resist the attack.—*A Miner, Wrexham.*

Weakening British Rule

The proposal to allow armed American prohibitionist patrols to cruise in British waters and arrest British subjects suspected of rum-running is astounding in its audacity, and will lead to serious complications at a time when international amity is most desired. If the proposal is allowed, the Bahamas will be lowered to the level of a joint protectorate between Britain and America, and would be an admission of the incompetency of British rule.—*Cyril Chapman, Tottenham.*

Fruit Rampers

Australian apples are being imported into this country at about 3d. a pound. A penny a pound above this should cover all transport and handling costs. Yet these same apples are being retailed to the public at from 9d. to 10d. a pound. Who gets this amazing difference?—*Lewis Laister, Goole.*

A Silly Question

In view of the state of the country, with works shut down and those which are at work only doing short hours, it is a farce for the parrot-like question put by committeemen to those unemployed, "Where have you been seeking work?" The point is, Where can a man go to seek work?—*A. N., Seaton.*

Tram Benefits

It is surprising to see a democratic journal like JOHN BULL advocating tram scrapping. Trams in most towns belong to the people. It is not working expenses that prevent profits being shown, but motor-omnibus competition. Trams cost less to work than motors, and there is seldom anyone killed by them. Damage to roads by motor traffic is the real burden local authorities are faced with. —*A Tramway Official, Surrey.*

Asking for Trouble

Since the schools have been closed I have observed, in a number of cases, a notice to the effect that the playgrounds will not be open during the holidays as in previous years. Why this high-handed action? In many districts the school provides the only safe playground for the youngsters and to close them during the holidays will add further to the ever-increasing toll of London's dangerous streets.—*A. C. R., Earlsfield.*

A Blessing in Disguise

Though the coal stoppage has caused much suffering, it has at least given us the blessing of smokeless skies and clearer air. The huge chimneys so prevalent in the mining districts no longer belch forth their death-dealing smoke and soot. Surely, we could with profit follow the example of Essen, the great German steel centre, which is smokeless, and New York where even a coal-driven locomotive is not allowed to enter the city.—*N. S., Durham.*

Wages and Food

JOHN BULL is the first paper with the courage to proclaim the folly of linking wages with food prices. The "cost of living" figures are being unscrupulously used to depress wages and people are only just realising that "cheap food" means cheap wages! Also, the closer wages get to the bare "cost of living," the less the inducement of dole-drawers to work. The Government should set the example by abolishing this official method of wage regulation in Government Departments. —*Progress, Jersey.*

Slogging a Slogan

The slogan, "Buy British Goods," is being overdone. If the Chinese bought only Chinese goods, the Germans only German goods, and all the other nations of the world followed suit, I would not like to prophesy the ultimate end of the British export trade. International free trade is the basis for world prosperity, and everybody's motto should be, Buy the cheapest and the best. When British manufacturers can produce goods, and I believe they can, which are cheaper and better than foreign goods the British public will not hesitate to buy those goods. —*Free Trader, Gateacre.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"LLANELLY STAR":—"The following description has been circulated:—Age 55, height 5ft. 2in., pale round features, hazel JAWS, grey hair."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"Among those who entered in the Stepney area were a blind boy, an old-age pensioner, and a NURSING HOME."

"UNION JACK":—"His coarse lips tensioned in a long straight line, his LIPS compressed till they almost obscured the gleaming PUPILS beneath."

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY":—"COLD tea is excellent for removing shininess and stains from navy blue material: the tea should be used LUKE-WARM."

"EVENING STANDARD":—"Twelve of them are seriously hurt, but the doctors hope to HAVE their lives."

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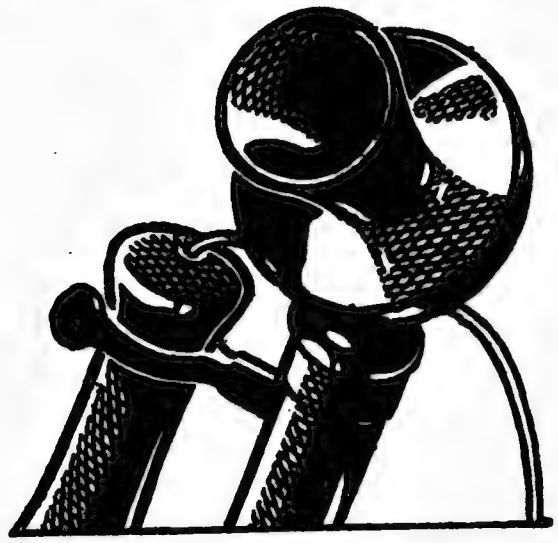

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Stewards Cup: PERHAPS SO, 185 to 1

The Double: SPARUS and PERHAPS SO, 720 to 1 win, 70 to 1 place.

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Winners for the New Meeting

The Great Ebor Puzzle—Mr. Macomber Coming to Stay—Charming Chepstow—A Ring Ramp—Dope Dangers

ANTE-POST backers will have an opportunity in the course of a few days of accepting long prices for horses engaged in the Ebor, the next important handicap.

An Epidemic of Trainers' Puzzles

Punters are accustomed to the sight of a Lambton or a Manton puzzle of half a dozen entries, but they are not used to an epidemic of the kind of thing as presented in the Great Yorkshire race.

Nine Complications

Lambton and R. Day have four entries apiece. Earl has three. Alec Taylor has Tournesol and Daimyo nominated; F. Leader has Brighter London and Perfectus; O. Bell is responsible for Flint Jack, who has won the race twice and been placed on three occasions, and Repertoire; O'Sullivan has a couple in Cottingham and Leeds Rock; Sam Darling and Golightly also have a double entry. Then, amongst others, the useful handicappers Catalin, Kyra and Try Try Again are engaged.

Cottingham for a Long Shot

Personally I think it is unwise to take a price until the weights and acceptances have helped to make the puzzle considerably easier, but for those who like a shot in the dark I suggest Cottingham.

The Backer's Risk

This son of Lemberg is by far and away the best horse O'Sullivan has ever had in his stable, and ever since I saw him dead-heat at Newbury in April, I have been convinced that he is due to win a big handicap. Of course, he may be saved for a cut at the Cesarewitch, but that is the backer's risk.

Mr. Macomber's English Stable

An owner who puts most of the English patrons of the Turf well in the shade when he is in the entering mood, is Mr. A. K. Macomber. I think I mentioned some while ago that he nominated seventeen yearlings for Coronach's Derby and only Warmist ran.

A Full-time Trainer Wanted

Mr. Macomber has been looking round since he came over for Goodwood. He informed my French correspondent that he has hopes of completing within the next week or so his arrangements for taking over a new training establishment in the South-West of England, but he is not finding it easy to secure the whole services of a trainer because the men he wants do not like the idea of tying themselves to one patron at the present time. At the moment Mr. Macomber has not enough horses in training here to keep a private trainer fully employed, but he will be adding considerably to the number for next season.

Winston's Little Mistake

Mr. Winston Churchill cannot have in his possession a copy of "The 'John Bull' A.B.C. of Racing," or he would not have remarked in the House of Commons that it is seldom two race meetings occur on one day. Double fixtures occur every week. An exceptionally fast aeroplane would have taken Winston to five meetings on the Bank Holiday just over. On Easter Monday he would have had to work overtime, as sixteen fixtures were decided.

The Heart-breaker

Spasmodic attempts are being made to write up the French-bred Crevecœur II. as a good horse not yet acclimatised. The name of the horse means "Heart-Break," and I can imagine him being a heart-breaker to those who are foolish enough to back him as confidently as some people want them to do. He was just a second-rate handicapper in his own country before coming here, and there are many French racing men who will not even concede him that.

Chepstow—the Event of the Week

The most important racing this week will take place on the new racecourse at Chepstow, and I wish the executive every success. The new course is situated in the Wye Valley and has already been christened "Charming Chepstow." It is quite as picturesque as Glorious Goodwood. Fixtures have also been arranged this year for October and November, but in 1927, Chepstow will have a Welsh Derby, Welsh Oaks and Welsh St. Leger. The Welsh Grand National takes place at Cardiff. Lord Glanely has taken a great interest in the new course, and I think he may supply a winner or two this week. He has Skysail engaged in the Chepstow Summer Handicap, the big event on Saturday, and he may win with Gay Lothario, Skylove and Skysignal. I also like the look of Good Court, Palma Bay, Vanish Away and Oakwood.

Lord Glanely, one of the strong Chepstow supporters

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

WATERVAL—Be on the look-out for this very fast filly over five furlongs. The six furlongs of the King George Stakes were too far for her, but she was right there at her proper distance.

WATCHFUL—at 7 to 2—did the code a much-needed good turn at Goodwood. She will win again for Captain Hogg.

OPEN PROSPECT has not won for Sir A. Bailey since he retained him for 1,250 guineas after a success last September, but the gelding did very well in the Singleton Handicap, and will pick up another race shortly.

TRY TRY AGAIN, who has not much form to recommend her, was very heavily backed to beat Lift Boy at Hurst Park. It will be advisable to note that she was baulked in running but finished fast to run into fourth place. The losses will be recovered.

BATTLEHAFT is a certain winner soon.

MELIBEUS should pick up a small race in the North. The gelded son of Chaucer is not yet a back number and has been very useful.

A Sad, Sad Story

An ex-owner who is still very interested in the sport of kings and attends most meetings, told me the other day that in spite of the fact that the Turf "gets him" and he cannot keep away, he never bets. I pressed him for the reason and he told me a story.

Expected a Coup

Some seasons ago he sent a horse to one of the Southern meetings and expected to land a nice 10 to 1 coup. While superintending the saddling of his entry he sent an agent into the ring to obtain the best price possible to one hundred of the best. To his amazement his man returned to say that the horse was a raging hot favourite and he had accepted 7 to 4. The horse did not win. A furlong from home it was well clear of the field with the race at its mercy. Then the jockey lost a stirrup iron and the race.

A Ring Ramp

My friend learnt afterwards that the trainer and jockey had shopped him. The trainer had circulated the "good thing" to the professional backers—hence the hot favourite—and had stood in with the ring bookmakers who had taken the big money. Needless to say, the trainer and jockey did not serve him the same trick again. He sold out, lock, stock and barrel.

A Coming Jockey

In these days of "Wootton's Wonders" it is good to find an apprentice of note outside the Epsom stable. A friend of mine who was at Bogside tells me that W. Nevett, who won the Montgomerie Handicap on Maia, is a find. Matt Peacock's apprentice has captured five races up to date. He is a Lancashire lad, and was at one time a pork butcher's boy.

Dope Dangers

There is no doubt in France they give greater latitude in regard to the use of tonics or accelerators on horses than is permitted over here, and there has long been a suspicion that some of the preparations come under the category of dope. The matter is of importance to us because most of the French horses sent to run here are treated as though they were at home, and no one has thought it necessary to ask for an opinion from the stewards as to whether the specifics used are allowable. I am glad to see that the French authorities are taking the matter up and they propose to have an expert analysis of all the recognised tonics with a view to determining how far they are as harmless as they are said to be.

Follow Naldera

Naldera ran very well in the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, and now that the best time for mares is approaching she should be followed. The daughter of Stefan the Great—Miss Sanfoin has had an interesting career. As a two-year-old she did not win a race and was shipped to Egypt. Here, as a three-year-old, she carried all before her, winning the Egyptian Oaks, the King's Cup and the only other two races in which she competed. She returned to England in time to pick up a couple of races last back-end, and if the Manchester November Handicap had not been abandoned she would probably have started favourite. Naldera has not recorded a victory so far this season, but she went amiss shortly after the Chester Cup and has benefited by a good rest.

"SILVER RING."

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How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the lines as the case may be.

IJKKCBVRYL would read COTTINGHAM.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, August 4 to Tuesday, August 10.

Radio Notes

AFTER THE B.B.C.

Chartered Control for Radio

by W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW

WITHOUT any interruption, the work now carried on by the B.B.C., whose licence expires at the end of the year, is to pass under the control of a body to be incorporated by Royal Charter.

The definite assurance, given by the Postmaster-General, that there shall be no break whatever in the continuity of the broadcasting service is very welcome.

Many prospective listeners, reluctant to buy sets until they know there is no likelihood of their purchases becoming obsolete when the B.B.C. licence expires, may now go ahead with every confidence that broadcasting will be continued without any change in organisation and development.

The present staff will continue in service, and there will be no alteration in the licence fee of 10s. payable by listeners.

THE Commission, which is to be set up by Royal Charter and not, as was at first expected, by Parliamentary statute or by incorporation under the Companies Acts, it is understood, will be known as the British Broadcasting Corporation and will work with ample freedom from departmental control. It will hold a licence from the Postmaster-General.

Reassuring also it is to know that the Government, favouring for the new administration a chartered corporation, is supporting a system of control which is least likely to be subjected to departmental interference.

Provided a broad and generous financial policy is adopted with the change over, the new arrangements bid fair to prove successful.

In regard to licences, there is among listeners a strong feeling that their position has much in common with that of motorists.

Listeners all look to the Government to allow ample funds for providing the best possible programmes, and they resent any suggestion that the surplus revenue should be appropriated for any other purpose than the development of broadcasting.

BROADCASTNG is going ahead by leaps and bounds. The Postmaster-General's latest figures bear testimony to this.

The number of licences in force is 2,076,000, compared with 1,387,000 a year ago, and in June, this year, 57,512 licences were issued, compared with 41,311 in June, 1925.

Developments on the technical side are also proceeding apace.

The Postmaster-General himself sanctions all questions affecting new wavelengths, stations, etc., and only lately the erection of a new experimental station—a definite step in the scheme for providing alternative programmes—has been authorised by him.

There are no longer the slightest grounds for supposing that existing sets will become obsolete with the change of control.

In Ireland, too, there are signs of a progressive policy at work. The ultimate broadcasting system there is likely to comprise a high-power station at Athlone, and four small stations at Dublin, Cork, Galway and Bundoran.

The Minister for Posts and Telegraphs has intimated that an advisory committee is to consider the whole question of broadcasting in the Free State.

In Ireland, so far, legislation to compel users to pay their licence fees has not been introduced. Of 25,000 people estimated to be using sets, only about one-fifth are said to have paid their licence fees.

DESCRIBING THE TWO NEW DULL EMITTERS FOR 4 VOLT ACCUMULATOR

Ask at your Dealer's for a copy Take the first opportunity of obtaining particulars of U.P.4 and P.V.4 the new combination in the Ediswan range. They bring you lower current consumption, clearer reception, louder volume, extreme purity of tone, and the very minimum of microphonic effects. U.P.4 is 16/6 and P.V.4 22/6.

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"SOME time ago I was a martyr to Anæmia and got into a very run-down and nervous condition. Nothing seemed to do me any good, though I tried numerous preparations. Then I was told to try Phosferine, and after only a few days' trial I noticed an improvement in my health. I persevered, and in less than a month I was a new woman. That terrible feeling of lassitude left me, and I regained my strength, and the colour came back to my face, my whole nervous system was built up and my health entirely restored. My husband and all the children have also proved the value of Phosferine, especially as a safeguard against winter colds and threatened Influenza. At the first approach of colds, neuralgic pains or loss of appetite, we resort to Phosferine, and it never fails."—140, Southend Lane, Bellingham, Kent.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

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JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

ANY and every question that could cause you anxiety can be dealt with and answered by our Free Advice Service. This branch of JOHN BULL'S activities is proved to be of the greatest service. Our staff of experts on all matters, covering the widest range, will gladly give you the best of advice. Send particulars, with stamped addressed envelope. What could be easier?

* * *

L. M. (Padstow).—"What kind of men live longest?" Those over 6 ft.

L. T. (Chenies).—"What is it that gets some men into Parliament?" Never mind.

T. N. (Hampstead).—"Our cook has left us on account of illness." Whose?

T. B. (Buxton).—"I wished my fiancé good-bye for ever." A sort of permanent wave.

BERT (Letchworth).—"I have given up glasses and now wear a monocle." You must look a spectacle.

JACK (Chingford).—"She tried to close the garden gate, but I put my foot in the way." L.b.w.

GWEN (Ingatestone).—"I am very fond of bees." But don't let them become too attached to you.

J. T. (Glasgow).—"I have remarkable staying power." We trust you don't call on us.

L. B. (Chester).—"I bought a car for a ridiculously small sum." 4d.?

B. N. (Chatham).—"I never lie on my back." Nor your feet, we hope.

B. N. (Chalk Farm).—"I've invented a new invisible nk." We wish you'd use it.

D. M. (Oxford).—"He ate three whole apples and then complained of stomach-ache." Cores and effect!

T. O. (Kingston).—"Do you know how many people work in our office?" Half?

T. Y. (Clapham).—"I booed loudly at the feeble play." Were you put out?

E. V. (Carlton).—"I have a good mind not to write any more articles." Agreed!

J. T. (Pinner).—"I don't like tragic films." All films end—happily.

B. T. (York).—"What is the easiest thing to grow in a vegetable garden?" Tired.

F. Y. (Rugby).—"What do you think of my story?" We like it. We read it years ago when it wasn't yours.

B. L. (Poplar).—"He never opens his mouth except at meal times." How on earth does he yawn?

T. M. (Stembridge).—"Our cat is rearing a family of kittens." What did you expect? Elephants?

J. J. (Kilburn).—"He insists on eating everything with a fork." Doesn't it leak in the soup course?

M. N. (Towcester).—"I consider our English climate is very much abused." Well, what else can it expect?

F. M. (Chertsey).—"The traffic problem is a thorny one." And the authorities haven't got to the routes of it yet.

G. N. (Hampton).—"I have had a set of artificial teeth made and am very pleased with them." The dentist evidently made a good impression.

T. N. (Dover).—"I've earned enough as a boxer to live comfortably." Every clout has a silver lining.

T. C. (Finsbury).—"How is Duleepsinhji pronounced?" With difficulty.

A. J. (Lincoln).—"Our picnic was spoilt by rain." So you gamped out.

B. L. (Sydenham).—"Never let your temper last the day out." Surly to bed, surly to rise.

H. T. (Edinburgh).—"My wife and I follow the plan of running a joint bank account." You pay in and she draws out?

M. B. (Twickenham).—"Parliament would be more efficient if we had a hundred women M.P.s." Women are certainly good at introducing bills into a house.

R. R. (Portrush).—"What is clever repartee?" What you ought to have said to the boss when he told you off, but didn't.

H. L. (Battersea).—"Do you think I could make a small living with my pen?" Yes, if it contains hens that lay all the year round.

JESSIE (Lowestoft).—"Though father was only a window-cleaner he left quite a nice fortune." He must have been well repaid for his pains.

BESSIE (Brentford).—"Dad says my husband must be rich and Mum says he must be steady, but I want good looks!" So you're still looking heavenwards?

T. P. (Hornby).—"Are old prints of London of any value?" Yes; when they're on the back of one-pound notes.

HARRY (York).—"I cannot think of anything worse than a jazz band." And we sincerely hope that nobody else can.

MARY H. (Cardiff).—"I intend to go in for a thorough study of the harp." My! But you are optimistic about your future!

J. M. (Manchester).—"Some of the members of the fire brigade are getting up a dance." We expect they'll be very particular about their hose and their pumps.

MISS T. (Hampstead).—"Gooseberries are very cheap this year." We've heard that the modern girl tries to make them feel so.

MRS. D. (Pudsey).—"I wonder whatever your paper is printed for." Twopence, and worth three times the amount.

M. J. Y. (Bentham).—"It seems to be the thing for a bride to look pale." And the bridegroom often doesn't look too flush either.

M. V. (Deal).—"There cannot be any warmth in clothes made of paper." Yet we've seen a bit of paper from the income-tax department make a man turn hot all over.

Disgusted chair collector: "Well: that's the limit. When I asked the old man 'ow many, 'e 'ad the sauce to say TWO!"

One of the 22 funny joke drawings in this week's issue of "The Passing Show," 36 pages for 2d.

W. H. (Norbury).—"My boss complained that my signature to a receipt for salary was almost illegible." You were lucky that he didn't ask you to re-sign.

PERCY B. (Eastbourne).—"I always think one's summer holiday is such a delightful break." Yes, Percy, so long as it doesn't send you home broke.

S. G. (Accrington).—"Some day, by fair means or foul, I mean to make money, but I haven't yet had time." If you're not careful, you may get time.

J. E. (Ealing).—"My wife wants to go to Scarborough, but I long since decided finally on Torquay." Let us know how the Yorkshire coast agrees with you.

B. Y. (Hastings).—"I believe girls will soon bring their hairdressers on to the beach with them." Well, there's plenty of bobbing about in the water already.

J. H. (Manchester).—"Athletics have driven many men to drink." They put in too much horizontal bar work.

L. P. (Bradford).—"I have a very strong motive for coming to London." The usual locomotive we presume.

F. F. (Leeds).—"Which are the most reliable reports of the test matches?" The shortest. "Rain. No play."

H. P. (Biggleswade).—"A simple Yes or No to every question would save a lot of trouble." As for instance, "What's the time?"

L. P. (London, N.).—"I have nothing but praise for the new curate." That won't overweight the collection plate.

L. M. (Chelsea).—"When I proposed to her she laughed at me." Never mind. Women laugh at the most foolish things.

T. B. (Bootle).—"We do not get the best of politicians in this country." Perhaps not. But they get the best of us.

T. R. (Brighton).—"A friend says my head aches because I do too much mental work." There's probably nothing in it.

R. P. (Rainham).—"How can a man avoid publicity?" By becoming the husband of a famous woman.

R. G. (Birmingham).—"Holiday trains are packed to suffocation." Anyway, there's room for 500 on the *Bullets* Holiday train. Take your seats, please!

T. Y. (Hatfield).—"I'm a conjuror and have invented a wonderful disappearing trick." We'd like you to show it to us if it's permanent.

L. C. (Dorking).—"I always dictate my letters to a typist." It's a good idea. Lots of people can pronounce words they can't spell.

B. H. (Partick).—"In the middle of my song he made a terrible clatter by poking the fire." He should have done it between the bars.

C. T. (Mortlake).—"My sweetheart is growing a moustache and I object to it." You shouldn't be down on him because there's down on him.

MURIEL K. (Swanage).—"I was just going in after my bathe when a very good-looking boy offered to teach me to swim." And so you got held up?

R. B. (Baldock).—"My daughter is lazy, untidy and very wayward." She has the making of a domestic servant.

DORIS (Hitchin).—"Every time I ask him to kiss me he just strokes my face." Perhaps he likes your cool cheek.

A. G. (Highgate).—"I have been asked to broadcast on 'Why I became a Journalist?'" Let's hope your apology will be accepted.

N. R. (Hampstead).—"I saw two plays by Bernard Shaw the other night." This may unfortunately encourage him to write some more.

L. P. (Mitcham).—"I changed the conversation by remarking about the weather." That's changeable enough.

E. L. (Leeds).—"When we were married my wife kept me waiting an hour at the registrar's office." That was to accustom you to her slipping upstairs for a minute to put on her hat.

D. J. (Notting Hill).—"Though much bigger than myself, he took off his belt and threatened to thrash me with it during an argument." It was risky to argue with such a strapping fellow.

"STROLLER" (Kennington).—"In our little touring company I had to attend to the business side as well as play my part." And which took the longer, to make up yourself or the accounts?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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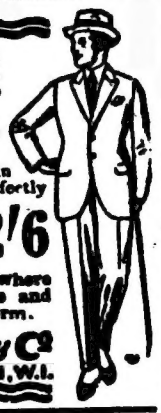

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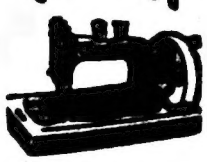

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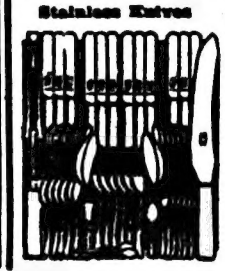

1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, ivorine handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, ivory crushed handles, 2 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Soup or Stew Ladle, 1 Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Butter Spoon, all of Colonial Silver which wears white through to the base metal. 80 pieces 50/- Terms: 5/- now & 5/- monthly. Five per cent. discount allowed for cash on delivery. Complete Approval.

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£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 30,000 letters from satisfied users in less than two years which are open to inspection.

24393—A. St. J. W. (late H.M.'s B.C.S.): "The efficacy of your wonderful Yeast-Vite was clearly marked in my case. The relief was immediate and paved the way to health and happiness."

24116—Dr. T. V. N.: "I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I tell you that the results from Yeast-Vite were simply astonishing. Severe cases of Asthenia (general weakness). Kindly send supplies to the four hospitals mentioned herewith.

24111—Mr. B., S.R.N., C.S., M.M.G.: "Up to the present Yeast-Vite tablets have never failed. I have given them in cases where all other remedies failed. Many of my patients would not be without them."

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treat next."

18224—Dr P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

25333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Temp. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

21004—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.

25334—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

25333—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work, and never felt better.

22741—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21007—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better.

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

21234—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this, and let the public know how much good they have done me.

22373—Nurse A. L.: "I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful! I recommend them to everybody!"

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Mothers of Sorrow

Sacrifices for the Children's Sake

LAST week we received several appeals on behalf of mothers who have made tragic sacrifices in order that their little ones might not starve.

One of these mothers a few years ago was a bonny Lancashire lass, but a few years of married life has brought her much sorrow and reduced her to physical exhaustion. Her husband is an unpensioned ex-Service man who has done his best, but at last found himself helpless through a long period without work.

There being three little girls to provide for, the mother tried to take upon her shoulders the breadwinner's burden, but she has at last collapsed.

The greater part of their furniture has been sold and their clothing pawned; the last pledge was the wife's wedding-ring. The family are entirely dependent upon parish relief, and, when the rent has been paid, there is little money left for food.

ANOTHER case is that of a widow living in the South of England. She has had a terrible struggle, since she lost her husband two years ago, to provide for the needs of her four children.

The younger children are ailing and require such attention that it is impossible for the mother to leave them to go out to work, and it is easy to understand that the pension and allowance which she is now receiving, amounting to 18s. a week, do not go far.

The eldest girl has just left school, but the poor mother is quite unable to fit her out with clothes so that she could go into domestic service.

A third case is that of a woman who is about to give birth to her eighth child. Her husband is a hard-working ex-Service man who has for many weeks been unable to earn more than £1 weekly, and it has, of course, been quite impossible to save anything in order to make preparation for the confinement.

Such are a few of the many cases of distress which are relieved every week by "The Greatest of These—" Fund, and we earnestly appeal to our readers for greater support.

Every penny subscribed is expended in the relief of distress without any deduction whatever for administration expenses.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

E. Emmerson, 2s. 6d.; W. J. Phillips (Ferndale), 1s.; J. H. Oatley, 1s.; E. and J. N. S., 1s.; A Tooting Nurse, 2s. 4d.; Henry Ruff (Peterborough), 10s.; Wm. Duncan, 2s. 6d.; My Ninth for luck, 1d.; Miss M. Hanna, 2s. 6d.; "One Ninth," M.C., 7s. 2d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; E. Hayner, 9d.; Margaret McLarn, 5s.; W. Walsh (Mottram) 10s.; Red Rose, 1s.; J. A. Scott (Hebden Bridge), 2s. 6d.; E. J. Lobb, 6d.; Mr. C. A. Slack, 1s. 6d.; J. P., 1s.; T. McJannett, 6d.; L. Sidney (Manchester), 6d.; J. E. Bailey, 6d.; Aren, 1s.; A. Hallas, 6d.; S. P. Radford, 2s. 6d.; Douglas Murphy, 6d.; E. Perry, 3d.; A. Hamilton, 1s.; Mrs. S. May, 6d.; Jessie's Ninth for luck, 8d.; Gertrude Jones, 1s.; F. C. Davison, 3s.; M. A. R. Tait, 2s.; "First Bullets' Win," 2s. 6d.; "P. T." Wyke (Bradford), 5s.; W. J. Rechl, 2s. 6d.; A. K. (Ashton-u-Lyne), 10s.; A. S., Ripon, 10s.; "Tembaron Moulder B.," 2s. 6d.; A Willing Helper, 1s. 6d.; E. Dillon (Colne), 2s. 9d.; Mrs. M. Wood (Cardiff), 6d.; Mrs. W. Powell, 1s.; F. A. Bauff, 6d.; K. Kitching, 1s.; Mrs. W. J. W. King, 1s.; T. B. E. (Oxford) 1s.; M. V. G., 2s. 6d.; H. B. W.2, 1s.; A Friend, 2s.; F. B. Beverley, 2s. 2d.; Pinkie, 5s.; M. M. Acerington, 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. Whitfield 2s. Angel, Weston-s-Mare, 6d.; A Registered Reader (Kilmarnock), 5s.; G. Stewart (Hackney), 10s.; Mrs. Bushnell, 6d.; Miss J. Lewis, 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"Bullets" £1 Winners

(Continued from page 31)

E. G. Adams, 32, Playfield Cres., East Dulwich.
M. Adams, High St., Thatcham, Berks.
A. E. Alcock, 87, High St., Bursdem, Staffs.
W. Ansell, Drumenagh Gdns., Iver Heath, Uxbridge.
F. Atkins, 23, Stockport Rd., Ardwick, M/c.
A. Baker, 128, Winston Rd., Stoke Newington, N.
J. H. Barnes, Station Hotel, Burton-on-Trent.
Miss H. Barnston, 143, Stepney Green, London, E.
J. Bateman, Well Street Sailors' Home, London.
C. H. Blumenson, 64, Kennington Rd., Lambeth.
S. F. Bonner, 78, Canterbury Rd., Colchester.
C. Breach, 2, Alfriston Rd., Seaford, Sussex.
T. N. Bridge, 32, Beulah Rd., Walthamstow, E.
F. Brindley, Widmer End, High Wycombe, Bucks.
J. W. Brown, 4, Fryston Rd., Airedale, Castleford.
J. H. Bruce, 28, Banstead Terr., Harehills, Leeds.
G. Burgess, 18, Lambert Road., Custom House, E.
Miss Carpenter, 105, Blowers Green Rd., Dudley.
T. Christian, The Cottage, Cloverley, Nr. B'head.
G. V. Clarke, 64, Beech Rd., Luton, Beds.
E. A. Cobley, 87, Dersingham Av., Manor Park, E.
B. Cookson, 101, Elizabeth St., Blackpool.
R. S. Cotes, c/o 8, Rowan Av., Whalley Range, M/c
K. A. Crossley, 122, Wentworth Rd., Doncaster.
F. J. Cubitt, Ripley, Derbys.
G. Daley, 13, Redland St., Newport, Mon.
B. R. Dowding, 94, Fryston Rd., Airedale, Yorks.
W. C. Dowell, 294, Edgefauld Rd., Glasgow.
J. Doyle, 1, John St., Rhyl, N. Wales.
A. Drabble, 61, Granville Lane, Park, Sheffield.
H. C. Durham, 3, Almington St., Stroud Green, N.
H. Ellen, 7, Estcourt St., Devizes.
R. J. Evans, Dinner Park Quarries, Nr. Beaumaris.
W. Eveleigh, 2, Christchurch Terr., Chelsea, S.W.
A. Fletcher, 3, Maitland Pl., Grange, Cardiff.
W. Fosterjohn, 145, Sherwood St., Nottingham.
J. W. Franklin, c/o 6, Vernon St., Newark.
Mrs. M. Gresswell, 10-12, Woodbridge Rd., Moseley.
A. H. Grove, 2, Colville Rd., Edmonton, N.
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J. A. Hall, 37, Ashburne Rd., Derby.
P. Hardy, 253, Mortlake Rd., Ilford, Essex.
H. Hare, Firby Croft, Bedale, Yorks.
F. B. Heap, 8 Mason St., Longsight, M/c.
G. Henderson, 19, Martyr St., Glasgow.
J. R. Henry, 527, Hollins Rd., Oldham.
P. Herbert, 12, Parkfield Pl., Mynachdy, Cardiff.
C. Hollinghurst, 15, Coleridge St., Lr. Broughton.
G. S. Holmes, Ross Lea, Seaton, Workington.
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Mrs. P. O. Lee, 23, Stalker Leas Rd., Sheffield.
S. J. Lockyer, 44, Broad St., Carlisle.
H. J. Luxton, Boswells, Nr. Fawton.
Miss E. Maclellan, 13, Union St., Greenock.
Mrs. G. Mann, St. Neots, Selby Rd., Anerley, S.E.
G. H. Matthews, Severn Stores, Newnham, Glos.
G. Middleton, 35, Crofts Rd., Kenton, Harrow.
Mrs. Mills, 1, Haywards Av., Cliffe Rd., Strood.
A. G. Mill, 107, Church St., Broughty Ferry, N.B.
A. Milson, 11, Park View, Cross Keys, Mon.
T. H. Morbey, 45, Nebo St., Daubhill, Bolton.
C. Moulder, 12, Stratford Pl., Camden Sq., N.W.
Mrs. Oliver, 92, Kings Rd., Gosport, Hants.
C. F. Parker, 179, Douglas Rd., Acocks Green.
Mrs. Paul, 184, Comelypark St., Dennistoun, Glasgow.
W. C. Pavey, Milestone Cottage, Up-Ottery.
S. F. Pitt, Calder Terr., Horbury, Nr. Wakefield.
W. Le Poidevin, Newgrove, St. Sampsons, Guernsey.
G. Pollard, 22, Albion Hill, Brighton.
F. Prosser, School Row, Frampton-on-Severn, Glos.
A. Radford, 7, Kite Pl., Hackney Rd., London, E.
J. M. Railton, 209, Wheatland Lane, Seacombe, Ches.
G. Read, Thorpe Lane, Ashfield, Debenham, Suffolk.
Mrs. Reilly, 74, Portland Pl., London, W.
Mrs. C. Richens, 84, Edinburgh St., Swindon.
A. Rogers, 299, Smithdown Rd., L'pool.
F. Russell, 53, Tamworth Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
J. Sharp, 5, North St., Wolverhampton.
E. A. Sheppard, 24, Poole Hill, Bournemouth.
E. Sheraton, c/o 16, Hartleys Bldgs, Sunderland.
J. Silver, 27, New Rd., London, E.
V. J. Smallworth, 3, Brickwall Terr., Woodchurch.
G. Smith, 47, Leytonstone Rd., Stratford, E.
G. Smith, 45, Norroy Rd., Putney, S.W.
J. Sutherland, 42, Station Rd., Sandiacre, Notts.
E. Sylvester, 46, George St., Hoyland, Barnsley.
W. G. Thomas, 15, Worcester St., Gloucester.
E. Torrington, 16, Lionel Rd., Canton, Cardiff.
W. Unjacke, 34, Stoke Rd., Gosport, Hants.
A. W. Waddelow, 7, Sanderson St., Wakefield.
H. Walker, 11, Oswald St., Clayton-le-Moors, Lancs.
J. Warburton, 20, Timbertown, Slough, Bucks.
W. Willington, 28, High St., C-on-M., M/c.
C. Wilson, 37, Great Avenham St., Preston, Lancs.
W. Wood, Castle Glen, Truro, Cornwall.
C. L. Wulcko, 83, Francis Rd., Leyton, E.
J. Yorston, 2, Harcourt Dr., Dennistoun, Glasgow.

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 606 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at these Offices.

The Completed Puzzle

I	N	C	O	M	E		F		S	I	M	P	E	R
T	A	Y		E	M	E	R	A	L	D		L	O	O
S	Y	S	T	E	M		I		A	L	M	O	N	D
E		T		T	E	S	T	A	T	E		V		E
L	O	I	N		T	I	T	L	E		F	E	R	N
F	A	C	E	T		P	E	T		C	A	R	A	T
	K		T	U	P		R	E	D	A	N		D	
C	L	A	T	T	E	R		R	E	G	A	L	I	A
	I		L	O	T	U	S		W	E	T		A	
I	N	T	E	R		S	E	T		D	I	T	T	O
A	G	E	D		S	T	A	R	T		C	H	E	F
M		N		S	T	Y	G	I	A	N		R		F
B	A	T	T	L	E		U		R	A	V	I	N	E
U	S	E		E	A	R	L	D	O	M		F	E	N
S	P	R	A	W	L		L		T	E	S	T	E	D

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue

NO MORE THIN FOLKS

How Thin, Weak, Nervous People Can Put on Flesh and Gain Strength.

If you are weak, thin, and emaciated, and can't put on flesh or get strong, no matter how much you eat, go to your nearest chemist and get a small supply of Blood-Iron Phosphate, and take as directed. Enough for a two-weeks' treatment costs but 3s., and every package contains a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. If at the end of two weeks you don't feel stronger and better than you have for months; if your eyes aren't brighter and your nerves steadier; if you don't sleep better, and your vim, vigour, and vitality aren't more than doubled, or if you haven't put on weight, you can have your money back for the asking and Blood-Iron Phosphate will have cost you nothing.

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'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £500

3rd Prize £50

500 Prizes of 2/6

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10	20	20	100	350
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RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 603.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. F. SENIOR, 121, Tunstall Lane, Pemberton, Wigan.

Example :—WHAT IS TRADE?
Bullet :—"STAGNANT" BECAUSE WORLD'S "SEETHING."

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

Mrs. A. WEBB, Church Street, Hark, Highridge.

Example :—POOR CHAP
Bullet :—"DECORATED"—NOW "DONE UP."

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. F. MAWSON, 32, Loutherpe Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

Example :—THE TEST
Bullet :—*Moment* OF THE *Man.*

FOURTH PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. A. PEMBER, 164, South Street, Ponders End, Middlesex.

Example :—WHAT MATTERS MOST
Bullet :—PERMANENT *Economics*, NOT OFFICIALS.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. R. SPENCE, 1, Ratcsmith Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool.

Example :—HIS LAST WORD
Bullet :—OFTEN FRENCH PREMIER'S FIRST.

20 Holiday Prizes of £10 each:

W. BATTLEDORE, 110, Clapham Road, Lowestoft.
HAPPY HOME—IF THE *shoe* FITS.

R. C. CROSSMAN, The Globe, Walton, Bridgwater.
HAPPY HOME—UNTIL BUSYBODY PITIED HER.

H. W. DAVIS, 8, St. George's Parade, Catford, S.E.
SAID TO THE TAXPAYER—"DROWNING? TRY ANOTHER MILLSTONE!"

Miss D. DLANE, c/o Miss Wilson, South Parade, Northallerton, Yorks.
SAID TO THE TAXPAYER—"HELP YOURSELF—TO FORMS!"

A. DOUGLAS back 15, Freeman Street, Grimsby, Lincs.
CLIMBING THE LADDER—YOUR FRIENDS "SEEM SMALLER."

L. L. GALES, 59, Gordon Road, Lr. Edmonton, N.
HEARD AT THE OFFICE—"'MOVE,' OR I'LL 'FIRE'!"

L. C. GOODWIN, 11, Rycroft Road, Meols, Hoylake, Ches.
SAID TO THE TAXPAYER—PAYING PROMPTLY—"PRODUCE BOOKS!"

A. E. GRAHAM, Glendale, Pier Road, Ilfracombe.
LADY DRIVER—"QUEEN" WANTING ROAD'S "CROWN."

A. M. GRIFFITH, 7, Trinity Road, Bootle, Lancs.
WHAT BRITAIN SAYS—"SHOW TRAITORS THE GATE."

J. HALES, Empire Theatre, Maryport.
WORLD WE WANT—"HIVE"—ONLY "DRONE," MAYBE SEEN.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. E. L. HOLMES, 26, Carlton Road, Southampton.
MR. COOK: DRAINING AND *Irritating* COUNTRY.

Miss E. M. JONES, Sunny Bank, Llowes, Hereford.
NAVAL DOCKYARD—COULD RUSSIA AFFORD ANOTHER?

D. W. JONES, 3, Gray's Inn Road, Aberystwyth.
WHAT THE BORDER SAID—"IT'S *Leg* OF MUTTON!"

Mrs. S. LAWSON, 49, Fernbank Road, Redland, Bristol.
GREY HAIR: BEAUTIFUL IF "CARED FOR."

Mrs. H. OVENHAM, 44, Nottingham Road, Spendon, Derby.
WHAT A FRENCH—PUBLIAMENT WANTING SPEAKER SOON.

H. W. PRIOR, 26, Grafton Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.
A DUCK: FATHER—"TAKEN TO WATER."

Miss A. WALLIS, 80, Whitstable Road, Canterbury.
SAID TO THE TAXPAYER—"MARRYING? YOU GOING BANKRUPT?"

A. WIPPELL, 67, Trinity Road, Halstead, Essex.
NEXT STRIKE—BETTER LEGISLATE—THEN NEVER.

Miss N. WRIGHT, 6, Selsdon Road, West Norwood, S.E.
TOGETHER—JAZZ DRUMMER CHASTISED FAMILY.

W. YOUNG, 15, William Street, Woolwich, S.E.
CLIMBING THE LADDER—"GOOD WAY" TO GO.

(*Continued on page* 30)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 609.

BRITISH INDUSTRY
SAID BY THE SEA
FREE COUNTRY
PITCH AND TOSS
FATHER'S HOLIDAY
ACROSS THE CHANNEL
FINAL TEST
WHEN SHE GETS OLD
FILLS THE BILL
EIGHT-HOUR DAY
LAZILY
AN APPLE
WAY TO WORK
IF I WERE COOK
FOR TUPPENCE
HOW TO LIVE
A SHARK
WHEN I'M PAID
WRONG HORSE
SOLD
WHILE WE'RE ASLEEP
MIXED BATHING
WHAT THE DONKEY SAID
PLAYED OUT
TWICE
SEASIDE SWEETHEART
WITHOUT A OAR
WISH I HADN'T
SAID TO THE LANDLADY
MY SON
HEARD AT HOME
WHAT IS A BOARDING-HOUSE?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 609 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the Examples printed; then give any TWO, THREE or FOUR Words, having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you

Example :—SLUM LANDLORD Bullet :—PUBLIC'S ENEMY—PUBLICAN'S FRIEND.
Example :—HOW TO GET ON Bullet :—*Please* AS YOU *Go.*
Example :—A PRETTY PENNY Bullet :—LOST—LET'S "GET BACK."

Address Coupons to—"Bullets" No. 609, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

ENTRY FEE :—Send postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 19.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(609) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 19.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(609) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three, or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 19.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(609) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 19.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(609) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

ADVANCE EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 610—NOT FOR CURRENT CONTEST.

ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA—A FLAPPER'S HOLIDAY—CHEEK—HER BATHING-DRESS—FRANCE'S WAY—WITH A GROAN—PAYING AMERICA—CROSS-WORD PUZZLE—HEARD ON THE PIER—GOING ROUND—FLYING—WHAT THE TRIPPER SAID—BLACK AND BLUE—SEASIDE KNUT—NAUGHTILY—HEARD IN THE CHARABANC—CAN'T BE HELPED—MADE MOTHER SMILE—SAID TO THE COLLECTOR—WHAT IS THE SEA?

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 605 can now be seen in the window of Mr. CLOSE, 56, York Street, Belfast.

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Skin Eruptions	Psoriasis
Ringworm	Rashes
Pimples	Ulcers
Sunburn	Piles
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You are not asked to buy British DUNLOP Tyres on patriotic grounds alone—they are the most economical tyres and the cheapest in the end, because of their long and satisfactory service—you can

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